

THE LITTLE REVIEW

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MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE**

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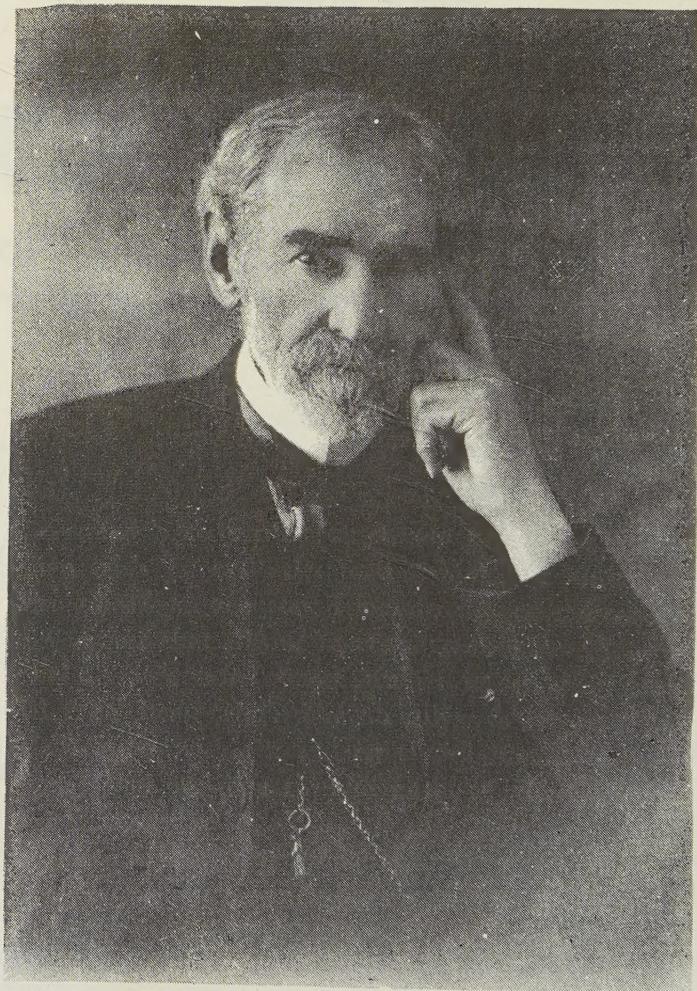
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W. H. HUDSON.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

W. H. Hudson

Some Reminiscences

by Ford Madox Hueffer

FOR a long, long time I dare say for twenty-five years—I have been longing to say something about Hudson. But what is there to say? Of things immense, tranquil or consummate, it is difficult indeed to speak or to write. The words are at the tip of the tongue; the ideas at the back of the brain . . . and yet: Nothing! So one says: "immense," "tranquil," "consummate."

Suppose one should say that one would willingly cancel every one of the forty or so books that one has published if one could be given the power to write one paragraph as this great poet writes a paragraph: or that one would willingly give up all one's powers of visualising this and that if one could be granted this great naturalist's power of looking at a little bird. . . . But of course that would not be enough. Or rather it would be nothing at all. For I suppose that if one had the power to frame one paragraph one could frame others: and if one had the vision of the poet one would be the poet's self. One might say—and indeed I do say with perfect sincerity—that one would willingly sacrifice all one's gifts as a writer if one could give to this unapproached master of English ten years longer of writing life. . . . But even that would be selfish—for one

would have the pleasure: one would read what he wrote.

For me, then, Hudson is the unapproached master of the English tongue. There are no doubt other English writers—though English as a language is woefully lacking in prose towards which one need not be kind—in unassailable prose. Still there are possibly other English writers. But there is no other English writer that you cannot say something about. One derives from Sir Thomas Browne—but is not as good; another gets his effects from a profound study of the Authorised Version but falls short of the resonance of the Inspired Original; another has caught the jolly humor of Rabelais; when Mr. Peskith writes you might swear it was Montaigne speaking; someone else puts down the thoughts of Dante in the language of Shakespeare. . . . Well, we know the sort of stuff that English prose is. Only Hudson is different.

The only English writer with whom I have ever had the luck to discuss the "how" of writing was Mr. Conrad. (I *will* say this for Americans that, if they practice letters, they are much more usually devoured by curiosity about what is called "technique." I have heard Mr. Owen Wister talk for quite a time on several occasions with Mr. James about the written word as a means of expression. I have talked for hours with members of the editorial staff of New York magazines—as to how to write a short story!—and I used to talk for hours with Stephen Crane—why is poor dear Stevie forgotten; the finest poet that two continents produced in a century?—just about words! And Crane made the most illuminating remark about English prose that I ever heard.). But the only true-blue English writers that I ever heard discuss how to write, as apart from how to make money by writing or who was the best Agent or the worst Publisher or the meanest Editor or the Best Seller—was, then, Mr. Conrad.

And, once, Mr. Conrad looked up from reading "Green Mansions" and said: "You can't tell how this fellow gets his effects!" And, a long time after I had agreed that I couldn't tell how Hudson got his effects, Conrad continued: "He writes as the grass grows. The good God makes it be there. And that is all there is to it!"

And that is all there is to it. "Green Mansions" is the only English novel of passion; the "Purple Land" is the only English novel of

Romance (and I don't except Mr. Conrad's and my own Romances). "Nature in Devonland," "Hampshire Days," "Birds in a Village" and the "Shepherds' Life" are the only English books about England. And you must remember that Mr. Hudson is an American of New England stock.

"The Good God makes it be there!"—Was there ever a more splendid phrase uttered of a writer's prose? Every morning of my life I lie in bed and look at a piece of mutton fat dangling from a string outside the open window. Suddenly there is a flirt of wings: the mutton fat crepitates, as you might say, against the panes. But you see nothing. Then the bird grows bolder, returns. It becomes a bird form; hanging; upside down from the piece of fat; pecking rapidly. Against the morning light it looks grey, with dark margins on the head. It is one of the tits: the Great Tit, I dare say.

Well: there it is and that's that! If you or I wrote about it, that would be all there was to it. A Gilbert White wrote about tomtits running up drains in the neighbourhood of houses in search of succulent morsels. But imagine Mr. Hudson first watching the bird and then writing about it!

I suppose the chief characteristic of great writers—of writers who are great by temperament as well as by industry or contrivance—is self-abandonment. You imagine Mr. Hudson watching a tiny being and his whole mind goes into the watching: then his whole mind goes into the rendering. Probably there is some delight in the watching and more austerity, more diligence, in the act of recording. That no doubt varies. Turgenev is such another as Mr. Hudson and I can recall no third.

Turgenev, I mean, watched humanity with much such another engrossment as Mr. Hudson devotes to Kingfishers, sheep or the grass of fields and rendered his results with the same tranquillity. Probably, however, Turgenev had a greater self-consciousness in the act of writing: for of Mr. Hudson you might as well say that he never had read a book. The Good God makes his words be there. . . . Still, in the "Sportsman's Sketches" and in the "Singers," the "Rattle of the Wheels" and in "Bielshin Prairie" above all—you get that note:—of the enamoured, of the rapt, watcher; so enamoured and so

rapt that the watcher disappears, becoming merely part of the surrounding atmosphere amidst which, with no self consciousness, the men, the forests or the birds act and interact. I know, however, of no other writers that possess this complete selflessness.

It is no doubt this faculty that gives to Mr. Hudson's work the power to suggest vast very tranquil space and a man absolutely at home in it, or motionless vegetation, a huge forest and a traveller who wishes to go nowhere, or ever to reach the forest bounds. For you can suggest immensity in your rendering of the smallest of British birds if you know an immense deal about the bird itself; if you have watched innumerable similar birds, travelling over shires, countries, duchies, kingdoms, hemispheres—and always selflessly. So the rendering of one individual bird will connote to the mind of your reader—if you happen to be Mr. Hudson!—the great distances of country in which you have travelled in order that, having seen so many such birds, you may so perfectly describe this one. Great plains will rise up before your reader's mind: immensely high skies; distant blue ranges, far woodlands. . . . Tranquil spaces: immense distances! . . . Consummate too! Because of course the Bon Dieu—I beg Mr. Conrad's pardon!—the Good God did something consummate when he gave to Mr. Hudson a style that is like the green grass growing!

II.

It is twenty-five—or twenty-four, or twenty-three!—years ago since I sat with Conrad, one day in the drawing-room of my farm; the Pent it was called. We were deep in the struggles that produced "Romance" and Conrad was groaning terribly and telling me—as he has told in several kingdoms, shires, duchies, countries and languages—that I did not know how to write. Of course I didn't know how to write as Mr. Conrad did before he became a true-blue Englishman. . . . At any rate we were engrossed. . . .

A man went past the window: very tall, casting a shadow across the pink monthly roses. These commonplace Kentish flowers peeped over the window sill of the deep, living-room whose low dappled

ceiling was cut in half by a great beam. So the tall man's shadow flickered across them.

It is disturbing when you, a man of letters, engrossed in the "Heart of the Country," see a shadow fall from a very tall stranger across your room and the monthly roses. You think of duns, bailiffs, unpaid butcher's bills. But Conrad, always sanguine, hoping for the best (I never had many hopes when strangers approached me) exclaimed: "That will be the man who wants to sell a horse!" Panic, anyhow, seized us. *Dans un grenier comme on est bien a vingt ans!* (I suppose I was twenty-four!) A panic! The immensely tall stranger repassed the window.

Conrad went to the door. And I heard:

Conrad: You've come about the mare!

Voice: I'm Hudson!

Conrad: She's out with the ladies.

Voice: I'm Hudson!

Conrad: The mare will be back in about half an hour.

Hudson was staying at New Romney—which is New only in the sense that William I. built it in 1080 A. D. instead of Cæsar in 45 B. C. Hudson then, was staying at New Romney and had walked over—fourteen miles in order to pay his respects to the great author of "Youth," "Heart of Darkness," "Lord Jim," and "Almayer's Folly."

I remember Hudson again—there are more reminiscences!—in one of the beastly cafes in Soho. (They resemble Mouquin's in Sixth Avenue, New York, though I do not remember Mouquin's as being beastly, at all—but very expensive by comparison!) At any rate it was the Cafe Riji, Soho. There were present Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Edward Garnett . . . Mr. Well, I don't remember every one who was present. And just as Mr. Belloc was shouting "Glorious County, Sussex!"—in came Mr. Hudson.

The dialogue went on like this:

Belloc: Glorious county, Sussex! Glorious county, Sussex! You can ride from the Crystal Palace to Beachy Head with only four checks!

Five! said Mr. Hudson. It was like the crack of doom; like the deep voice of a raven; like the sound of a direful bell.

Belloc: Only four checks! There's Woking, and Cucking! and Ducking and

"Five!" said Mr. Hudson.

Belloc: Only four checks! (He used a great many gesticulations, telling the names off on his fingers in the French way.) There are Woking and Cucking and Ducking and Hickley

"Five!" said Mr. Hudson.

Mr. Belloc repeated the queer names of Sussex villages. Then Mr. Hudson said:

"East Dean!" Mr. Belloc threw his hand violently over his head as one used to see people do on the Western front: then began to tear, immediately afterwards, at his ruffled hair. He exclaimed: "My God! What a fool I am!" and stated that he was a Sussex man: bred and born in Sussex: had never been out of Sussex for an instant in his life: had ridden every day from the Crystal Palace to Beachy Head. Yet he had forgotten East Dean.

All the while Mr. Hudson sat motionless: grave: unwinking: gazing at his victim with the hypnotic glare of a beast of prey. Or as if he were studying a new specimen of the genus *Fringillago*!

III.

And I dare say that is how Mr. Hudson "gets his effects": gazing at his subject with the expressionless passion of a bird of prey: keeping as still as a tree: and then cutting down words to nothing. For the three words: the reiterated "Five" and the final "East Dean," convinced one that Mr. Hudson had lived on the South Downs all his life and that you could trust him to take you from Bramber to Findon in pitch black night. Whereas the thousands of words that Mr. Belloc poured out only made you doubt that he had ever been in Sussex in his life.

Of course Mr. Belloc *has* lived in Sussex for a great part of his life, and Mr. Hudson was born in the Argentine, of New England stock —about 1790, I should say. I have heard him allege that when he

came to England he was the first member of his family to set foot on these Islands for 250 years. So maybe he descends from the Navigator. At any rate from those facts which may or may not be facts—for as to the real date of Mr. Hudson's birth I have only impressions; as for instance having heard him talk in terms of great intimacy of the Dictator Bolivar who flourished about 1820. . . . But then we can read "Far Away and Long Ago!"—so that at any rate from these facts, of Argentine birth, long absence from this country, immemorial antiquity, quietude and the exact habit of mind, we may get certain glimpses of Mr. Hudson's secret. For Mr. Hudson is a secret and mysterious alchemist just as much as, or much more than, Dr. Dewar.

Perhaps, owing to his Argentine birth and long racial absence from these Islands, Mr. Hudson has escaped the infection of the slippy, silly way we handle the language: he has escaped the Authorized Version and the *Morte d'Arthur* and someone's *Rabelais* and someone else's *Montaigne* and Sir Thomas Browne's "*Urn Burial*," and all the rest of it. (I may as well put down here what I meant when I said just now that Stephen Crane said the most illuminating thing I ever heard as to the English prose of to-day. He was talking about the author of "*Travels in the Cevennes with Mr. Colvin*"—or whatever the title was, and he said: "By God! when Stevenson wrote: 'With interjected finger he delayed the action of the time piece,' when he meant 'he put the clock back,' Stevenson put back the clock of English fiction 150 years." . . . Stevenson, as you know, was the sedulous ape of Walter Pater or someone like that, and decked himself out in allusions, borrowed words, stolen metaphors, inversions and borrowed similes for all the world like Charles Lamb or a Tommy coming back to the Line hung about with souvenirs). Well, Mr. Hudson has escaped all that. You would, as I have said, think he had never read a book in his life. Certainly he never read a book and carried off a phrase like "interjected finger" to treasure it as Ole Bill might treasure an Iron Cross raped from the breast of General Humpfenstrumpfen, lately deceased. Then too, born in the Argentine in remote ages, Mr. Hudson had the advantage of seeing the light in a Latin country—at least I suppose seventeenth century Argentina

was a Latin country—and so he was among a population who used words for the expression of thoughts. For, among us Occidentals, it is only the Latin races who use words as clean tools, exactly, with decency and modesty. You may see the same in the prose of Mr. Cunningham Graham who was also of South American origin and is the only other true proseateur of these islands, since Mr. Conrad writes not English but literal translations from unpublished French originals. (I suppose I ought to put in somewhere, "present company always excepted"—for the sake of politeness to possible readers!)

And then again, being the first of his family to visit England for 2,500 years or whatever it was, Mr. Hudson has the advantage of being the first English writer to see this country—for at least that period. Just as he has escaped our slippy use of the language so he has escaped our slippy way of looking at a hill, a flower, a bird, an ivy leaf. Yesterday I picked the first cuckoo flower and the first kingcup of the year. When I got my hand well on the stem of the first I exclaimed :

"When lady smocks all silver white
Do tint the meadows with delight"

I daresay I was misquoting, but I felt proud of myself and didn't look at the flower.

When I grabbed the kingcup I said :

"*Shine like fire in swamps and hollows grey.*" And I felt proud of myself and didn't look at the flower.

When I hear my first skylark I shall spout :

"Hail to thee blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wast. . . ."

and for the nightingale it will be: "Most musical; most melancholy!" and I shan't much look at, or listen to, either fowl. And it is the same with all us English writers.

For again there is the question of this alchemist's great age. Actually I believe Mr. Hudson lately celebrated his seventieth birthday. I have however known him for twenty-five, twenty-four or twenty-

three years, and when I first met him he was eighty-two and told personal anecdotes of the Court of George Washington. What I mean by all this fantasia is that Mr. Hudson has an air of consummate and unending permanence wherever he may happen to be, a weather worn air as of an ancient tree, an ancient wag, a very old peasant. Wherever you find him he will seem to have been there for ages and to be time-stained to the colour of the hedgerows, the heather, the downs or the country folk. So he fits in and trees, birds, or shepherds are natural when he is about. Mr. Hudson himself is conscious of the fact, for he writes of Wiltshire in the opening pages of the "Shepherd's Life": "Owing to a certain kind of adaptiveness in me, a sense of being at home wherever the grass grows, I am in a way a native of Wiltshire too." And he is a native of Argentina, and La Plata, and Patagonia and Hampshire and the Sussex downlands—wherever the grass grows. That is perhaps the best gift that has been given to him by the Good God who has made him such a great poet. For simple people, shepherds, bird-catchers, girls wheeling perambulators, old women cleaning front stones, South American Dictators, gamblers, duellists, birds, beasts and reptiles, have been natural before him; and the green earth and the sombre trees and the high downs and the vast Pampas have been just themselves before him. He looked at them with the intent gaze of the bird of prey and the abandonment of the perfect lover.

IV.

Twenty-five years ago—really twenty-five years ago—I lay on my back on the top of the great shoulder of the downs above Lewes—looking into the crystalline blue of the sky. There drifted above me frail, innumerable, translucent, to an immense height, one shining above the other, like an innumerable company of soap bubbles—the globelike seeds of dandelions, moving hardly perceptibly at all in the still sunlight. It was an unforgettable experience. And yet it wasn't my experience at all. I have never been on that particular downs above Lewes, though I know the downs very well. And yet I am not lying! For you see, in the 90's of last century, I

read that passage in "Nature in Downland"—and it has become part of my life. It is as much part of my life as my first sight of the German lines from a down behind Albert in 1916 . . . which is about the most unforgettable of my own experiences in the flesh. . . . So Mr. Hudson has given me a part of my life. . . . Indeed, I have a whole Hudson-life alongside my own . . . and such great pleasure with it. That is what you mean when you say a man is a creator . . . a creative artist. He gives to the world vicarious experience. And such immense pleasure!

I fancy that is really all there is to say—or at any rate what most needs saying as to this very great man. I believe that, until quite lately he was very little known in the Literary World—in that coloured and fantastic cockpit where the Great Writers vote themselves orders or diplomas, searchlight processions, cenotaphs, military funerals; and whence lesser writers cut each other's throats for fourpence and go up to Heaven clinging to the coat tails of the aforesaid Great. But, outside that world, in the realm of the mute, Hudson must have had a great many readers. I talk frequently with unlikely men in unlikely places—with farriers in France, with vicars in hideous North Country towns, with doctors and chance people in mines—about books. The Great of course they won't have heard of; the popular they will have read and will have forgotten or confused. But if you mention Hudson and they happen to have read Hudson. . . . Ah, then you will see a different expression on their faces! You will see them become animated, earnest, with eyes alive and with looks of affection—as one does of some one who is great, kind; who has taught one a great deal; who is part of one's family and of oneself. That is a very great, a very splendid position to hold.

Hudson: *Poet Strayed into Science*

by Ezra Pound

HUDSON'S art begins where any man's art is felicitous in beginning: in an enthusiasm for his subject matter. If we begin with "The Naturalist in La Plata" we may find almost no "art" whatever; there are impassioned passages, naive literary homages, and much unevenness and a trace of rhetoric in the writing. "The Shepherd's Life" must, at the other end of the scale, be art of a very high order; how otherwise would one come completely under the spell of a chapter with no more startling subject matter than the cat at a rural station of an undistinguished British provincial railway.

Hudson is an excellent example of Coleridge's theorem "the miracle that can be wrought" simply by one man's feeling something more keenly, or knowing it more intimately than it has been, before, known.

The poet's eye and comprehension are evident in the first pages of "The Naturalist": the living effigies in bronze rising out of the white sea of the pampas. Then the uneven eloquence:

"And with the rhea go the flamingo, antique and splendid; and the swans in their bridal plumage; and the rufous tina-mou—sweet and mournful melodist of the eventide; and the noble crested screamer. . . . These, and the other large avians, together with the finest of its mammalians, will shortly be lost to the pampas utterly." . . .

. . . "What a wail there would be in the world if a sudden destruction were to fall on the accumulated art-treasures of the National Gallery, and the marbles in the British Museum, and the contents of the King's Library—the old prints and mediaeval illuminations! And these are only the work of human hands and brains—impressions of

individual genius on perishable material, immortal only in the sense that the silken cocoon of the dead moth is so, because they continue to exist and shine when the artist's hands and brain are dust: and man has the long day of life before him in which to do again things like these, and better than these, if there is any truth in evolution. But the forms of life in the two higher vertebrate classes are Nature's most perfect work; and the life of even a single species is of incalculably greater value to mankind, for what it teaches and would continue to teach, than all the chiselled marbles and painted canvases the world contains; though doubtless there are many persons who are devoted to art, but blind to some things greater than art, who will set me down as a Philistine for saying so.

"And, above all others, we should protect and hold sacred those types, Nature's masterpieces, which are first singled out for destruction on account of their size, or splendour, or rarity, and that false detestable glory which is accorded to their successful slayers. In ancient times the spirit of life shone brightest in these; and when others that shared the earth with them were taken by death, they were left, being more worthy of perpetuation."

One may put aside quibbles of precedence, whatever the value of evidence of man's fineness, and in an age of pestilence like our own there is little but the great art of the past to convince one that the human species deserves to continue; there can be no quarrel between the archæologist who wishes to hear the "music of the lost dynasty," or the gracious tunes of the Albigeois, and the man who is so filled with a passion of the splendour of wild things, of wild birds which:

"Like immortal flowers have drifted down to us on the ocean of time . . . and their strangeness and beauty bring to our imaginations a dream and a picture of that unknown world, immeasurably far removed, where man was not; and when they perish, something of gladness goes out

from nature, and the sunshine loses something of its brightness."

'The voice is authentic. It is the priesthood of nature. Yet if an anthropologist may speak out of his pages to the "naturalist," it is not only the bird and furred beast that suffer. A bloated usury, a cowardly and snivelling politics, a disgusting financial system, the sadistic curse of Christianity work together, not only that a hundred species of wild fowl and beast shall give way before the advance of industry, i. e., that the plains be covered with uniform and verminous sheep, bleating in perfect social monotony; but in our alleged "society" the same tendencies and the same urge that the bright plumed and the fine voiced species of the genus *anthropos*, the favoured of the gods, the only part of humanity worth saving, is attacked. The milkable human cows, the shearable human sheep are invited by the exploiters, and all other regarded as *caput lupinum*, dangerous: lest the truth *should* shine out in art, which ceases to be art and degenerates into religion and cant and superstition as soon as it has tax-gathering priests; lest works comparable to the Cretan vases and Assyrian lions *should* be reproduced and superseded.

There is no quarrel between the artist and Mr. Hudson, and he is right in saying that there would be more "wail" over the destruction of the British Museum than over the destruction of wild species. Yet how little the "public" cares for either. And how can it be expected to care so long as so much of it is "at starvation level," so long as men are taught that work is a virtue rather than enjoyment, and so long as men render lip service to a foul institution which has perpetuated the writing of Tertullien and of men who taught that the human body is evil.

As long as "Christendom" is permeated with the superstition that the human body is tainted and that the senses are not noble avenues of "illumination," where is the basis of a glory in the colour-sense without which the birds-wings are unapprehended, or of audition without which the bell-cry of the crested screamers is only a noise in the desert.

"Their strangeness and their beauty" may well go unheeded into desuetude if there be nothing to preserve them but usurers and the slaves of usury and an alleged religion which has taught the supreme lie that the splendour of the world is not a true splendour, that it is not the garment of the gods; and which has glorified the vilest of human imaginations, the pit of the seven great stenches, and which still teaches the existence of this hell as a verity for the sake of scaring little children and stupid women and of collecting dues and maintaining its prestige.

My anger has perhaps carried me away from Hudson who should have been my subject; yet his anger is germane to it. Mediaeval Christianity had one merit, it taught that usury was an evil. But in our day Rockefeller and the churches eat from the one manger, and the church has so far fallen into vacuity that it does not oppose "finance," which is nothing but a concatenation of usuries, hardly subtle, but subtle enough to gull the sheep and cow humans.

And for the same system man is degraded, and the wild beasts destroyed. So I have perhaps not lost my subject after all, but only extended my author's exordium.

II.

The foregoing paragraphs can hardly be taken as introduction to Mr. Hudson's quiet charm. He would lead us to South America; despite the gnats and mosquitoes we would all perform the voyage for the sake of meeting a puma, Chimbicá, friend of man, the most loyal of wildcats. And, as I am writing this presumably for an audience, more or less familiar with my predilections, familiar with my loathing of sheep, my continual search for signs of intelligence in the human race, it should be some indication of Hudson's style that it has carried even me through a volume entitled "A Shepherd's Life," a title which has no metaphorical bearing, but deals literally with the subject indicated.

"Caleb's shepherding period in Doveton came to a somewhat sudden conclusion. It was nearing the end of August and he was beginning to think about the sheep which would

have to be taken to the 'Castle' sheep-fair on 5th October, and it appeared strange to him," etc.

John B. Yeats has written somewhere: "I found that I was interested in the talk, not of those who told me interesting things, so much as of those who were by natural gift truthful tellers"; a phrase which is as good a qualification of Hudson's work as I can find. Hudson's books are indeed full of interesting things, of interesting "information," yet it is all information which could, like all information whatsoever, have been made dull in the telling. But the charm is in Hudson's sobriety. I doubt if, apart from the "Mayor of Casterbridge," and "The Noble Dames," and the best of Hardy, there is anything so true to the English countryside as Hudson's picture. F. M. Hueffer must not be forgotten; there is his "Heart of the Country," and passages in other of his books to maintain the level; and Hueffer is perhaps at his best when he approaches most closely to Hudson's subject matter; when he is least clever, when he is most sober in his recording of country life.

This is not however an arranging of hierarchies and an awarding of medals for merit. Hudson touches Hueffer when dealing with England and Cunningham Graham in dealing with La Plata. And it is very foolish to wail over the decadence of English letters merely because some of the best work of these three men is possibly ten years old.

It is perhaps faddism and habit that causes people still to gossip of Poe, when "El Ombú" has been written, not as a grotesque but as tragic elegy, as the ordered telling of life as it must have happened. And then Poe's prose? Poe's prose is as good as Hudson's in places, and Hudson is indubitably uneven; relieved if not by *hokkus*, at least by the sense of the "special moment" which makes the *hokku*: thus his trees like images of trees in black stone.

This image-sense is an enrichment, perhaps "dangerous" to the unity of his style, but very welcome to the lover of revelation. And to balance it there is the latent and never absent humour as in "Marta Riquelme."

"What is, is; and if you talk until to-morrow you can not make it different, although you may prove yourself a very learned person."

W. H. Hudson

by John Rodker

MR. HUDSON is a great writer, though not always a perfect writer. His mask of, and his preoccupation with, the "natural-man" would have become in time, I do not doubt, as tedious as Henry James's continual fuss with trivial relationships, had not Hudson's entire output been so small that a week would be ample to get through it.*

His lapses; ovariotomised Burne-Jones's maidens, good-hearted bounder (but a perfect dear *au fond*), (the natural-man again) too much exploited since by Mr. Wells; a Blake like "Father-of-the-House" belong all to his novel, "A Crystal Age." Other works are free from them, for Hudson sprang full armed into literature with a first novel, "The Purple Land," somewhere in his thirties. One does not therefore talk about development when discussing Mr. Hudson. Each new book, however different from its predecessor, is yet well within his capacity. Flaubert, who started with "Madam Bovary" at about the same period in life, can be definitely said to have developed; but "The Purple Land" is in many ways more satisfying than "El Ombú" or "A Crystal Age"; I do not know when "A Crystal Age" was written. It is magnificent and ingenuous in turns, its *dénouement* appalling.

Mr. Pound says somewhere that no tragedy is complete unless it be contrasted with an equally plausible happy-ending. He should approve then of Mr. Hudson who to the most violent tragedy opposes beatific probabilities. Both "A Crystal Age" and "Green Mansions" contain unnecessary and therefore tragical tragedy of a violence to stun the reader. The epilogue to Turgenev's "Fathers and Children" seems to me most like them. Both writers have much in common. Each has the same ease in handling his medium, the same limpidity; each the same confidence and kindness. Their brains, too, are per-

*I note that Mr. Hudson had various scientific monographs on the flora and fauna of South America to his credit.

fectly adequate but not quite such cutting instruments that they can take liberties with them.

In England Hudson shares only with Conrad the laurels of writing. Both are foreigners. It should by now be an axiom that only foreigners can write a live English. Their senses are not dulled by traditional thought-forms. New institutions give them seriously to think! Their brains are brand new and respond immediately to the new life. English is four continents and what more natural than that they should be seduced into writing that language.

Conrad too, is preoccupied with the "natural-man," a variant on the "inspired-idiot" which certainly seems to be an indispensable ingredient in great literature.

Perhaps this is why (both being natural-men) they see women stereoscopically—very solid—once planted—planted for good; a tight little bomb of the best explosive. Her curious immobility, dreading, yearning, for the spark that will send her sky high.

Again, so easily is the "natural-man" identified with one's own impulses that his mere bow from however remote a stage will send the gallery rocking. Like that wasp who to paralyse his victim must sting it only at nine fixed places, and must therefore identify himself with it, so Mr. Hudson identifies his creations, and his "natural-men" with the "libido" of his readers.

Mr. Hudson can therefore afford to do his writing on the generous side. If the phrase will about do, that is good enough. The things he wants to say are concrete things, vital things, and it follows necessarily that his writing will be vital. Everybody has seen these things, or at any rate the next best thing. His job is rather to evoke pictures than to create them. And once he has registered what he wants to note his interest lapses. Were Mr. Hudson less of the "natural-man" he would have created a conscious art rather than an inspired one—an art not perhaps altogether satisfactory, but why quarrel with him because he does not want to write a temptation of Saint Anthony.

In his own person Mr. Hudson points the moral of the vital decay in English letters during the last century; the bored policeman and a life in towns being its probable causes. Certain it is that only Mr.

Cunningham Graham or Conrad can be conceived of as writing the following passage, remarkable only in its very palpable "natural-manness." For strangely enough I do not know even one war book which has had the vigour to say it likes killing either as retribution or for the fun of the thing. His hero has just killed a man who was about to disembowel him. "Joy at the terrible retribution I had been able to inflict on the murderous wretch was the only emotion I experienced when galloping away into the darkness—such joy that I could have sung and shouted aloud had it not seemed imprudent to indulge in such expressions of feeling."

This is surely the authentic Billy Farnum touch. The Wild West endeared to an anæmic population with nothing on which to whet its appetites. It is in another way Voltaire's "L'Ingénue." High and low intelligences alike are seduced by it. Indeed the natural-man is our hippopotamus. We regard it as did Butler—to our febrile brains infinitely restful in the deliberate processes of his growth, his solid grip on earth. And when the natural-man is projected upon vast flowing pampas or sea the effect is psychologically as well as physically bracing. New vitality flows in. The artist has tapped a natural spring which we feed ourselves continually. The difficulty then of forming an estimate of the work of Mr. Hudson is insuperable. At every stage one is seduced by an instinctive delight.

At the same time (and it may be unreasonably) one feels without knowing exactly where and when that Mr. Hudson might have developed a keener insight, with more bitterness or ambition in his method. I myself feel always that however much Hudson gets out of his subject he does not quite get all. It is this irreducible residue which makes Hudson almost but never quite intense enough. One does not feel this about Turgenev, Tchekhov, Conrad.

It is perhaps here that Mr. Hudson's natural-man is not natural enough. He has become a little too unsophisticated, his gaze has been withdrawn from his navel and now scans the skies. That he can show these qualities is evident, for there is a perfect chapter in the Art of Calculated Revenge in "Green Mansions," but it appears to be a feeling of which he is ashamed. It does not occur again. Mr W. H. Davies who possesses, but in different proportions, the quali-

ties of Hudson, by a good admixture of the qualities hate, ambition, etc., conveys a denser impression.

Perhaps the quality of ambition is not compatible with so absorbed an interest in the Brute Creation as Mr. Hudson shows. He has spent so much time in proving them not dumb (in a series of books each more charming than the last), marvelling at the unanimity of their instincts, their beauty and intelligence, that the study of man was neglected. It is a study that may of course grow in intensity the more it is neglected, your solitary being quite the most entertaining critic of man; but in this case it has made Mr. Hudson too tolerant of man or too sorry for him to wish to scourge or flay him. Men's treatment of the aigret inspires him to a noble fury, but where man is concerned—dare we say it—Mr. Hudson is too reasonable. He would no doubt reply that he has always detested vivisection.

It is illuminating to compare Mr. Hudson with another naturalist, Mr. Fabre, on the subject of "natural selection," that bugbear of biology. Remember that Mr. Hudson was born seventy years ago, that he attained manhood in the full flood of materialism—Huxley, Spencer, and a world settling down to an implicit faith in Darwinism. Just as before Copernicus men saw the universe as so many candles to light earth, Darwin and his disciples saw in the brute creation so many adaptations and curious instincts which could be interpreted entirely anthromorphically. For instance, when Mr. Hudson, discussing the habits of cattle, suggests that the dying animal is killed by the herd in a panic-stricken attempt to save it from the clutches of an invisible enemy, he is only too reasonable. But surely this very reasonableness is in itself suspect. A human explanation will satisfy a human mind, but one wants something more convincing. Obviously, since we have only our minds, there is no means of knowing save only by that community of instinct which enables the wasp to sting its caterpillar in nine places, and those the only possible nine places. A reason which is as good an explanation as that will alone satisfy us. Our tribute to Mr. Hudson must be that his reasons are always amazingly plausible and show a great wealth of poetic vision.

Again Mr. Hudson:—

"Why or how animals come to be possessed of the power of emit-

ting pestiferous odours is a mystery: we only see that natural selection has in some instances, chiefly among insects, taken advantage of it to furnish some of the weaker, more unprotected species with a means of escape from their enemies." This is very cautious, but even so the converse of the proposition is equally true, but one has to realise how very important a credo was the Darwinian theory to our fathers, to understand how harsh a tyranny it exerted on even the best minds.

Hear Fabre on the same subject—not so much the natural-man, he was the enraged scientist. His tribute was to stand five hours in a boiling sun feeding a wasp with caterpillars. His experiments with insects were holocausts, yet with what scorn he speaks of the vivisector. Curiosity only will explain his keenness, though he was not blind to æsthetic aspects in his insects. Whereas Hudson started on his researches lured by the beautiful and interesting—the literary man's science—Fabre started with an insane curiosity in the insect. Certainly Fabre's seems the more vital impulse.

"Pour ces motifs et bien d'autres, je repousse la théorie moderne de l'instinct. Je n'y vois qu'un jet d'esprit où la naturaliste de cabinet peut se complaire, lui qui façonne la monde à sa fantaisie; mais où l'observateur; aux prises avec la réalité des choses, ne trouve sérieuse explication à rien de ce qu'il voit."

And again:—

"L'insecte aurait-il acquis son savoir-faire petit à petit d'une génération à la suivante, par une longue suite d'essais fortuits, de tâtonnements aveugles? Un tel ordre naîtrait-il du chaos; une telle prévision du hasard; une telle sapience de l'insensé? Le monde est-il soumis aux fatalités d'évolution du premier atome albumineux qui se coagula en cellule ou bien est-il régi par une Intelligence? Plus je vois, plus j'observe, et plus cette Intelligence rayonne derrière le mystère des choses."

This explains as little as does Hudson's "natural selection." One has a god—the other "natural-selection": to the natural-man both I am afraid will be unintelligible. What is clear, however, is that Fabre appears to have been more profoundly exercised by the problems

he was up against. But to Hudson (and us) it seems natural for a chapter to begin with a strongly-smelling kind of bumble-bee, go on to the skunk and then to the deer which the gauchos believe suffocates the snake by running rapidly round it continually emitting a stronger smell.

Mr. Hudson is eminently the literary man at grips with nature; in that way like Havelock Ellis. The result seems to be a profit and loss account, an absorbed concentration is replaced by a cultured interest, authorities are cited, relevances nosed out, still it isn't the real thing. Occasionally exciting or beautiful passages like these reward us:—

“Riding on the pampas one dark evening an hour after sunset, and passing from high ground overgrown with giant thistles to a low plain covered with long grass, bordering a stream of water, I found it all ablaze with myriads of fireflies. I noticed that all the insects gave out an exceptionally large brilliant light, which shone almost steadily. The long grass was thickly studded with them, while they literally swarmed in the air, all moving up the valley with a singularly slow and languid flight. When I galloped down into this river of phosphorescent fire, my horse plunged and snorted with alarm. I succeeded at length in quieting him, and then rode slowly through, compelled to keep my mouth and eyes closed, so thickly did the insects rain on to my face. The air was laden with the sickening phosphorus smell they emit, but when I had once got free of the broad fiery zone, stretching away on either hand for miles along the moist valley, I stood still and gazed back for some time on a scene the most wonderful and enchanting I have ever witnessed.”

On Humming Birds:

“In their plumage, as Marten long ago wrote, nature has strained at every variety of effect and revelled in an infinitude of modifications. How wonderful their garb is, with colours so varied, so intense, yet seemingly so evanescent! the glittering mantle of powdered gold; the emerald green that changes to velvet black, ruby reds and luminous scarlets; dull bronze that brightens and burns like polished

brass, and pale neutral tints that kindle to rose and lilac-coloured flame. And to the glory of prismatic colouring are added feather decorations, such as the racket plumes and downy muffs of *Spathura*, the crest and frills of *Lophornis*, the sapphire gorget burning on the snow-white breast of *Oreotrochilus*, the fiery tail of *Cometes*, and, amongst grotesque forms, the long pointed crest feathers, representing horns, and flowing white beard adorning the piebald goat-like face of *Oxypogon*."

The Novels of W. H. Hudson

"The Purple Land" is his first and one of his most engaging books. Written when the author was in his thirties, it is remarkable for its women, sketched in romantically like those of Turgenev, yet as alive as *Madame Bovary*. The brilliancy of their definition, their potential intensity, is a quality rare in the writing of the last fifty years. The book has great verve and is obviously the reaction of a highly impressionable mind. *Demetria* and *Dolores* are very sister to the women of *Conrad*. This outlook on women is I think due to long spells of hard work and absence of women on the part of its authors; the continual proximity of men probably helps.

This is enough to make even the shabbiest women sinister. Within five years I am sure women of this type will form the basis of all women in fiction.

It is full of adventure. A natural-man's book. The great heart of the American public should wallow in it.

"South American Sketches" deals with the same tract as the last book, and contains five stories which force me to withdraw much of what I have said about Mr. Hudson's incapacity for vice. On the other hand, these stories have not the inevitability of the great story, but they are the next best things. They contain quite amazing paragraphs.

"It happened on this march, about a month before the end, that a soldier named Bracamonte went one day at noon to deliver a letter from his captain to the General. Barboza was sitting in his shirt

sleeves in his tent, when the letter was handed to him, but just when he put out his hand to take it, the man made an attempt to stab him. The General, throwing himself back, escaped the blow, then instantly sprang like a tiger upon his assailant, and seizing him by the wrist, wrenched the weapon out of his hand only to strike it quick as lightning into the poor fool's throat. No sooner was he down than the General, bending over him before drawing out the weapon, called to those who had run to his assistance to get him a tumbler. When, tumbler in hand, he lifted himself up and looked upon them, they say that his face was of the whiteness of iron made white in the furnace, and that his eyes were like two flames. He was mad with rage, and cried out with a loud voice, 'Thus, in the presence of the army do I serve the wretch who thought to shed my blood!' Then with a furious gesture he threw down and shattered the reddened glass, and bade them take the dead man outside the camp and leave him stripped to the vultures."

These stories are widely varied in emotional range. Marta Riquelme is carefully worked up to a terrible denouement.

"Green Mansions" should keep Mr. Hudson's name alive as long as English is spoken. It is romanticism carried to the nth power. Its milieu a charmed one. Impossible regrets assail the reader, a new life is like a dream-series superposed upon his own. Could one see reading as a delight and the inevitable martian to be introduced to those pleasures, then this would be the book. No other novel is as lyrical. It is too good to write about.

"The Crystal Age" is a Utopia, pure and simple, marred—or rather made—just a little ridiculous by its too palpable Walter Crane and William Morris-ness. It is, however, nobler than either of these specialists. Reading this book one is convinced that a world of neuters would be nobler than this we inhabit, and the extermination of practically the entire species the best thing that could happen to it. His conception of tiny, isolated and remote colonies, each the custodian of some infinitely developed form of art, is magnificent. He is a great dreamer.

"There dwell the children of Coradine, on the threshold of the wind-vexed wilderness, where the stupendous columns of green glass uphold the roof of the House of Coradine; the ocean's voice is in their rooms, and the inland-blowing wind brings to them the salt spray and yellow sand swept at low tide from the desolate floors of the sea, and white winged birds flying from the black tempest scream aloud in their shadowy halls. There, from the high terraces, when the moon is at its full, we see the children of Coradine gathered together, arrayed like no others, in shining garments of gossamer threads, when, like thistle-down chased by eddying winds, now whirling in a cloud, now scattering far apart, they dance their moonlight dances on the wide elaborate floors; and coming and going they pass away, and seem to melt into the moonlight, yet ever to return again with changeful melody and new measures. And, seeing this, all these things in which we ourselves excel seem poor in comparison, becoming pale in our memories. For the wind and waves, and the whiteness and grace, has been ever with them; and the winged seed of the thistle, and the flight of the gull, and the storm-vexed sea, flowering in foam, and the light of the moon on sea and barren land, have taught them this art, and a swiftness and grace which they alone possess."

And this—the last paragraph:—

"Then a great cry, as of one who suddenly sees a black phantom, rang out loud in the room, jarring my brain with the madness of its terror and striking as with a hundred passionate hands on all the hidden harps in wall and roof; and the troubled sounds came back to me, now loud and now low, burdened with an infinite anguish and despair, as of voices of innumerable multitudes wandering in the sunless desolations of space, every voice reverberating anguish and despair; and the successive reverberations lifted me like waves and dropped me again, and the waves grew less and the sounds fainter, then fainter still, and died in everlasting silence."

"A Little Boy Lost" is a charming story of a child who runs from home. The plot reminds one of Kingsley's "Water Babies." It is an entertaining book, and children would like it, since it is written without side.

The Nature Books of W. H. Hudson

These are numerous. All are intensely interesting, for he has a tirelessly inquisitive mind. Most of these books are about birds; he has an especial sympathy for them. Others deal with English villages—"A Shepherd's Life," and so on.

The South American books give us solid chunks of the life. For us that is the best function of the naturalist. But all these books will amply repay their reading, and I do not doubt in remembered pleasure and the vitality drawn from the projection of a wild life they will form a solid record for the future as permanent as anything we have. I quoted considerably from "The Naturalist in La Plata" at the beginning of this essay, but to deal adequately with these books would need another essay. I feel that it is impossible to criticise another's diary (for that is what these books are); it is too easy to say he is too good, or too evil, or not enough of either and to use that as a jumping board. He writes with charm and his deductions are often profound and illuminating, never commonplace. His sincerity cannot be questioned.

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Nine Chinese Poems of the T'ang Dynasty

(A. D. 600—900)

*translated by Witter Bynner and
S. C. Kiang Kang-Hu*

A Spring Morning

by Mêng Hao-Jan

MORNING comes sweet to a sleeper in spring,
Everywhere round him the singing of birds.
And yet there was a storm last night,
And I wonder how many flowers were broken.

On a Lute

by Liu Chang-Ch'ing

The seven strings are like the voice
Of a cold wind in the pines
Singing an old beloved song
Which no one cares for any more.

To a Strayed Musician

(On meeting *Li Kuêi Nien* in *Chiang Nan*)

by *Tu Fu*

I met you visiting Prince Ch'i
And often at Ts'ui's have heard you play,
But with spring nearly done, on the lower Yang Tsu,
I meet you again, under shaken petals.

A Moonlight Night

by *Liu Fang P'ing*

When the moon has colored half the house,
With the North Star at its height and the South Star setting,
I hear the first announcement of the warm air of spring
From an insect singing at my green silk window.

A New Bride

by *Wang Chien*

On the third day, taking place to cook,
Washing hands for the maiden soup,
I decide that not mother-in-law
But husband's young sister shall taste it first.

The Tall Inn

by *Wang Chih-Huan*

Till mountains cover the white sun
And oceans drain the yellow river,
You may add a thousand li* to your vision
By climbing one more case of stairs.

* A Chinese mile, a li, is about a third of a mile by western measure.

*The Street of Swallows**

by Liu Yü-Shi

Grasses grow wild by the Bridge of red Birds,
 And low is the sun in the Street of Swallows,
 Where wings, once visiting Wang and Hsieh,
 Flitter now through humble dwellings.

* A Nan King street, decayed with the old capital.

*As I face the Government Examinations**

(to Chang)

by Chu Ching-Yü

Out go the great red waiting-hall candles.
 Tomorrow in state the bride faces your parents.
 She has finished her toilette, she asks of you gently
 Whether her eyebrows are painted in fashion.

* On the eve of his final examination, the poet happily addresses his friend who has received the degree and is an expert in the subject.

*Climbing to Lo Yu Cemetery**

(Before starting for Wu Hsing)

by Tu Mu

I could serve in a good reign, but not now.
 The lone cloud rather, the Buddhist peace.
 And I mount, before following river and sea,
 Once more to the tomb of the Emperor Chao.

* Lo Yu is in a suburb of Hsi-An, the capital of the T'ang Dynasty. Officials and scholars liked being in the capital and not in the provinces. But here is one dissatisfied with his ruler and choosing to go away.



L'AMAZZONE. BY CHANA ORLOFF.

Religion

by Maxwell Bodenheim

ALVIN TOR sat in his floating rowboat and read the bible. Green waves died upon each other like a cohesive fantasy. Each small wave rose as high as the other and ended in a swan's neck of white interrogation. Sunlight blinded the water as style dazes the contents of a poem, and the air fell against one like a soothing religion. The bristling melancholia of pine-trees lined the wide river. But Alvin Tor sat in his floating rowboat reading the bible. He read the Songs of Solomon and sensual pantomime made a taut stage of his face. When not reading the Songs of Solomon he was as staidly poised as a monk's folded arms. He had borrowed the colours of his life from that spectrum of hope which he called God. Different shades of green leaves were, to him, the playful jealousies of a presence; the tossed colours of birds became the light gestures of a lost poet. His Swedish peasant's face had singed its dimples in a bit of sophistication, but his eyes were undeceived. His heart was a secluded soliloquy transforming the shouts of the world into tinkling surmises. His broad nose and long lips were always at ease and his ruddy skin held the texture of fresh bunting. His eyes knew the unkindled reticence of a rustic boy.

This man of one mood sat in his floating rowboat and read the bible. He reached the mouth of the river and drifted out to sea. The sea was a menacing lethargy of rhythm; green swells sensed his rowboat with dramatic leisure. A sea-gull skimmed over the water like a haphazard adventure. Looking up from his bible Alvin Tor saw the body of a woman floating beside his boat. With one jerk his face swerved into blankness. The tip of his tongue met his upper lip as though it were a fading rim of reality; the fingers of one hand distressed his flaxen hair. The woman floated on her back with infinite abandon. Little ripples of green water died fondling her body. The green swells barely lifiting her were great rhythms disturbed by an inert discord. Sunlight, fumbling at her body, relinquished its colour. Her wet brown hair had a drugged

gentility: its short dark curls hugged her head with despondent understanding. Her face had been washed to an imperturbable transparency. It had the whiteness of reclining foam overcast with a twinge of green—the sea had lent her its skin. Her eyes were limply unworried and violated to gray disintegration. In separated bits of outlines the remains of thinly impudent features were slipping from her face. The bloated pity of black and white garments hid her lean body. As Alvin Tor watched her, tendrils of peace gradually interfered with the blankness on his face. His lips sustained an unpremeditated repose; a sensitive compassion dropped the sparks of its coming into his eyes. His clothes became a jest upon an inhuman body. The earth of him effortlessly transcended itself in the gesture of his arm flung out to the woman.

"Impalpable relic of a soul, the spirit you held must have severed its shadow to preserve you forever from the waves," he said, his face blindfolded with ecstasy, "for you grasp the water with immortal relaxation. You are not a body—you are beauty receding into a resistless seclusion."

"Kind fool, musically stifling himself in a rowboat—made kind by the desperate tenderness of a lie—you are serenading the chopped bodies of your emotions," said the woman.

Alvin Tor's face cracked apart and the incredulously hurrying ghost of a child nodded, a moment, and was snuffed out. The eyes of an ancient man drew his face into a premonition of pain.

"Mermaid of haunting despondency, what are you?" he asked.

"I am the symbol of your emotions," the woman answered.

"I made them roses stepped upon by God," said Alvin Tor.

"I am the symbol of your emotions," said the woman.

Alvin Tor heavily dropped his raised arm, like a man smashing a trumpet. Restless, white hands compressed the ruddy broadness of his face. The women slid into the green swells, like exhausted magic. Alvin Tor rowed back to the river bank.

II

A woman lifted the green window shade in her room and resent-

fully blinked at the sun-plastered clamors of a street. She turned to the bed upon which another woman reclined.

"Say, wasn't that a nutty drunk we had last night," she said. "Huggin' a bible and ravin' about waves and mermaids and a lot of other funny stuff."

She dropped the green shade and stood against it, a moment, in the smouldering gloom of the gloom. Her brown hair had a drugged gentility; its short dark curlss hugged her head with despondent understanding. Her face had been washed to an imperturbable transparency. It had the whiteness of reclining foam overcast with a tinge of green—the sea had lent her its skin.

Poems

by Mark Turbeyfill

The Metaphysical Botanists

—So it was asters?
Haven't we now
A little right to be proud?
For in the beginning
Up there under the eaves
Our minds silently lifted
An unknown pollen
Stirred by an unpretentious breeze.

Then came the clanging of traffic,
The rattle of chains. People passed
Like rattling chains. Hot dry winds
Swept over the space
Of that cloistered room.
Spiritual poverty. No fertile rains.
Could we be sure
Our thoughts would bloom?

Now we are smiling proudly,
Trimmed with purple progeny
Showering down from the eaves,
From the window flower-boxes
An unconquered laughter.

We thought like asters
Thrown against the wind.

Batik

Important pale asters
And leering lilies painted peach color
Writhing to a futile destination,
Vibrant, popping out in lewd insurrection
From the black border
That essays to hold them down.

A stiff ghost tree
Rises out of a blue pond,
Spreading abroad its asteroids of foliage.

The sun-ball flares and fails
On a distant line
Like a disappointed toy balloon.
Cat-tails of yellow splintered flame
Prick up and press about
A fluted pedestal
Bearing a blossoming bowl.
A queer gauche bird
Perches on the rim
And drinks some venomous brew
Of which it faints and dies.

A constellation of bereaved lemon leaves
Flutters to earth in a funeral ballet
Through the limpid mist
Which descends upon this park of papier-mache.



FEMME ENCEINTE. BY CHANA ORLOFF

The Other Woman

by Sherwood Anderson

“I AM in love with my wife,” he said—a superfluous remark, as I had not questioned his attachment to the woman he had married. We walked for ten minutes and then he said it again. I turned to look at him. He began to talk and told me the tale I am now about to set down.

The thing he had on his mind happened during what must have been the most eventful week of his life. He was to be married on Friday afternoon. On Friday of the week before he got a telegram announcing his appointment to a government position. Something else happened that made him very proud and glad. In secret he was in the habit of writing verses and during the year before several of them had been printed in poetry magazines. One of the societies that give prizes for what they think the best poems published during the year put his name at the head of their list. The story of his triumph was printed in the newspapers of his home city, and one of them also printed his picture.

As might have been expected, he was excited and in a rather highly strung nervous state all during that week. Almost every evening he went to call on his fiancée, the daughter of a judge. When he got there the house was filled with people and many letters, telegrams and packages were being received. He stood a little to one side and men and women kept coming to speak with him. They congratulated him upon his success in getting the government position and on his achievement as a poet. Everyone seemed to be praising him, and when he went home to bed he could not sleep. On Wednesday evening he went to the theatre and it seemed to him that people all over the house recognized him. Everyone nodded and smiled. After the first act five or six men and two women left their seats to gather about him. A little group was formed. Strangers sitting along the same row of seats stretched their necks and looked. He had never received so much attention before, and now a fever of expectancy took possession of him.

As he explained when he told me of his experience, it was for him an altogether abnormal time. He felt like one floating in air. When he got into bed after seeing so many people and hearing so many words of praise his head whirled round and round. When he closed his eyes a crowd of people invaded his room. It seemed as though the minds of all the people of his city were centered on himself. The most absurd fancies took possession of him. He imagined himself riding in a carriage through the streets of a city. Windows were thrown open and people ran out at the doors of houses. "There he is. 'That's him,'" they shouted, and at the words a glad cry arose. The carriage drove into a street blocked with people. A hundred thousand pairs of eyes looked up at him. "There you are! What a fellow you have managed to make of yourself!" the eyes seemed to be saying.

My friend could not explain whether the excitement of the people was due to the fact that he had written a new poem or whether, in his new government position, he had performed some notable act. The apartment where he lived at that time was on a street perched along the top of a cliff far out at the edge of the city and from his bedroom window he could look down over trees and factory roofs to a river. As he could not sleep and as the fancies that kept crowding in upon him only made him more excited, he got out of bed and tried to think.

As would be natural under such circumstances, he tried to control his thoughts, but when he sat by the window and was wide awake a most unexpected and humiliating thing happened. The night was clear and fine. There was a moon. He wanted to dream of the woman who was to be his wife, think out lines for noble poems or make plans that would affect his career. Much to his surprise his mind refused to do anything of the sort.

At a corner of the street where he lived there was a small cigar store and newspaper stand run by a fat man of forty and his wife, a small active woman with bright grey eyes. In the morning he stopped there to buy a paper before going down to the city. Sometimes he saw only the fat man, but often the man had disappeared and the woman waited on him. She was, as he assured me at least twenty times in telling me his tale, a very ordinary person with nothing

special or notable about her, but for some reason he could not explain being in her presence stirred him profoundly. During that week in the midst of his distraction she was the only person he knew who stood out clear and distinct in his mind. When he wanted so much to think noble thoughts, he could think only of her. Before he knew what was happening his imagination had taken hold of the notion of having a love affair with the woman.

"I could not understand myself," he declared, in telling me the story. "At night, when the city was quiet and when I should have been asleep, I thought about her all the time. After two or three days of that sort of thing the consciousness of her got into my daytime thoughts. I was terribly muddled. When I went to see the woman who is now my wife I found that my love for her was in no way affected by my vagrant thoughts. There was but one woman in the world I wanted to live with me and to be my comrade in undertaking to improve my own character and my position in the world, but for the moment, you see, I wanted this other woman to be in my arms. She had worked her way into my being. On all sides people were saying I was a big man who would do big things, and there I was. That evening when I went to the theatre I walked home because I knew I would be unable to sleep, and to satisfy the annoying impulse in myself I went and stood on the sidewalk before the tobacco shop. It was a two story building, and I knew the woman lived upstairs with her husband. For a long time I stood in the darkness with my body pressed against the wall of the building and then I thought of the two of them up there, no doubt in bed together. That made me furious.

"Then I grew more furious at myself. I went home and got into bed shaken with anger. There are certain books of verse and some prose writings that have always moved me deeply, and so I put several books on a table by my bed.

"The voices in the books were like the voices of the dead. I did not hear them. The words printed on the lines would not penetrate into my consciousness. I tried to think of the woman I loved, but her figure had also become something far away, something with which I for the moment seemed to have nothing to do. I rolled and tumbled

about in the bed. It was a miserable experience.

"On Thursday morning I went into the store. There stood the woman alone. I think she knew how I felt. Perhaps she had been thinking of me as I had been thinking of her. A doubtful hesitating smile played about the corners of her mouth. She had on a dress made of cheap cloth, and there was a tear on the shoulder. She must have been ten years older than myself. When I tried to put my pennies on the glass counter behind which she stood my hand trembled so that the pennies made a sharp rattling noise. When I spoke the voice that came out of my throat did not sound like anything that had ever belonged to me. It barely arose above a thick whisper. 'I want you,' I said. 'I want you very much. Can't you run away from your husband? Come to me at my apartment at seven to-night.'

"The woman did come to my apartment at seven. That morning she did not say anything at all. For a minute perhaps we stood looking at each other. I had forgotten everything in the world but just her. Then she nodded her head and I went away. Now that I think of it I cannot remember a word I ever heard her say. She came to my apartment at seven and it was dark. You must understand this was in the month of October. I had not lighted a light and I had sent my servant away.

"During that day I was no good at all. Several men came to see me at my office, but I got all muddled up in trying to talk with them. They attributed my rattle-headedness to my approaching marriage and went away laughing.

"It was on that morning, just the day before my marriage, that I got a long and very beautiful letter from my fiancée. During the night before she also had been unable to sleep and had got out of bed to write the letter. Everything she said in it was very sharp and real, but she herself, as a living thing, seemed to have receded into the distance. It seemed to me that she was like a bird, flying far away in distant skies, and I was like a perplexed bare-footed boy standing in the dusty road before a farm house and looking at her receding figure. I wonder if you will understand what I mean?

"In regard to the letter. In it she, the awakening woman, poured

out her heart. She of course knew nothing of life, but she was a woman. She lay, I suppose, in her bed feeling nervous and wrought up as I had been doing. She realized that a great change was about to take place in her life and was glad and afraid too. There she lay thinking of it all. Then she got out of bed and began talking to me on the bit of paper. She told me how afraid she was and how glad too. Like most young women she had heard things whispered. In the letter she was very sweet and fine. 'For a long time, after we are married, we will forget we are a man and woman,' she wrote. 'We will be human beings. You must remember that I am ignorant and often I will be very stupid. You must love me and be very patient and kind. When I know more, when after a long time you have taught me the way of life, I will try to repay you. I will love you tenderly and passionately. The possibility of that is in me, or I would not want to marry at all. I am afraid but I am also happy. O, I am so glad our marriage time is near at hand.'

"Now you see clearly enough into what a mess I had got. In my office, after I had read my fiancée's letter, I became at once very resolute and strong. I remember that I got out of my chair and walked about, proud of the fact that I was to be the husband of so noble a woman. Right away I felt concerning her as I had been feeling about myself before I found out what a weak thing I was. To be sure I took a strong resolution that I would not be weak. At nine that evening I had planned to run in to see my fiancée. 'I'm all right now,' I said to myself. 'The beauty of her character has saved me from myself. I will go home now and send the other woman away.' In the morning I had telephoned to my servant and told him that I did not want him to be at the apartment that evening and I now picked up the telephone to tell him to stay at home.

"Then a thought came to me. 'I will not want him there in any event,' I told myself. 'What will he think when he sees a woman coming to my place on the evening before the day I am to be married?' I put the telephone down and prepared to go home. 'If I want my servant out of the apartment it is because I do not want him to hear me talk with the woman. I cannot be rude to her. I will have to make some kind of an explanation,' I said to myself.

"The woman came at seven o'clock, and, as you may have guessed, I let her in and forgot the resolution I had made. It is likely I never had any intention of doing anything else. There was a bell on my door, but she did not ring, but knocked very softly. It seems to me that everything she did that evening was soft and quiet but very determined and quick. Do I make myself clear? When she came I was standing just within the door, where I had been standing and waiting for a half hour. My hands were trembling as they had trembled in the morning when her eyes looked at me and when I tried to put the pennies on the counter in the store. When I opened the door she stepped quickly in and I took her into my arms. We stood together in the darkness. My hands no longer trembled. I felt very happy and strong.

"Although I have tried to make everything clear I have not told you what the woman I married is like. I have emphasized, you see, the other woman. I make the blind statement that I love my wife, and to a man of your shrewdness that means nothing at all. To tell the truth, had I not started to speak of this matter I would feel more comfortable. It is inevitable that I give you the impression that I am in love with the tobacconist's wife. That's not true. To be sure I was very conscious of her all during the week before my marriage, but after she had come to me at my apartment she went entirely out of my mind.

"Am I telling the truth? I am trying very hard to tell what happened to me. I am saying that I have not since that evening thought of the woman who came to my apartment. Now, to tell the facts of the case, that is not true. On that evening I went to my fiancée at nine, as she had asked me to do in her letter. In a kind of way I cannot explain the other woman went with me. This is what I mean—you see I had been thinking that if anything happened between me and the tobacconist's wife I would not be able to go through with my marriage. 'It is one thing or the other with me,' I had said to myself.

"As a matter of fact I went to see my beloved on that evening filled with a new faith in the outcome of our life together. I am afraid I muddle this matter in trying to tell it. A moment ago I said

the other woman, the tobacconist's wife, went with me. I do not mean she went in fact. What I am trying to say is that something of her faith in her own desires and her courage in seeing things through went with me. Is that clear to you? When I got to my fiancée's house there was a crowd of people standing about. Some were relatives from distant places I had not seen before. She looked up quickly when I came into the room. My face must have been radiant. I never saw her so moved. She thought her letter had affected me deeply, and of course it had. Up she jumped and ran to meet me. She was like a glad child. Right before the people who turned and looked inquiringly at us, she said the thing that was in her mind. 'O, I am so happy,' she cried. 'You have understood. We will be two human beings. We will not have to be husband and wife.'

"As you may suppose, everyone laughed, but I did not laugh. The tears came into my eyes. I was so happy I wanted to shout. Perhaps you understand what I mean. In the office that day when I read the letter my fiancée had written I had said to myself, 'I will take care of the dear little woman.' There was something smug, you see, about that. In her house when she cried out in that way, and when everyone laughed, what I said to myself was something like this: 'We will take care of ourselves.' I whispered something of the sort into her ears. To tell you the truth I had come down off my perch. The spirit of the other woman did that to me. Before all the people gathered about I held my fiancée close and we kissed. They thought it very sweet of us to be so affected at the sight of each other. What they would have thought had they known the truth about me God only knows!

"Twice now I have said that after that evening I never thought of the other woman at all. That is partially true but sometimes in the evening when I am walking alone in the street or in the park as we are walking now, and when evening comes softly and quickly as it has come to-night, the feeling of her comes sharply into my body and mind. After that one meeting I never saw her again. On the next day I was married and I have never gone back into her street. Often however as I am walking along as I am doing now, a quick

sharp earthy feeling takes possession of me. It is as though I were a seed in the ground and the warm rains of the spring had come. It is as though I were not a man but a tree.

"And now you see I am married and everything is all right. My marriage is to me a very beautiful fact. If you were to say that my marriage is not a happy one I could call you a liar and be speaking the absolute truth. I have tried to tell you about this other woman. There is a kind of relief in speaking of her. I have never done it before. I wonder why I was so silly as to be afraid that I would give you the impression I am not in love with my wife. If I did not instinctively trust your understanding I would not have spoken. As the matter stands I have a little stirred myself up. To-night I shall think of the other woman. That sometimes occurs. It will happen after I have gone to bed. My wife sleeps in the next room to mine and the door is always left open. There will be a moon to-night, and when there is a moon long streaks of light fall on her bed. I shall awake at midnight to-night. She will be lying asleep with one arm thrown over her head.

"What is it that I am now talking about? A man does not speak of his wife lying in bed. What I am trying so say is that, because of this talk, I shall think of the other woman to-night. My thoughts will not take the form they did during the week before I was married. I will wonder what has become of the woman. For a moment I will again feel myself holding her close. I will think that for an hour I was closer to her than I have ever been to anyone else. Then I will think of the time when I will be as close as that to my wife. She is still, you see, an awakening woman. For a moment I will close my eyes and the quick, shrewd, determined eyes of that other woman will look into mine. My head will swim and then I will quickly open my eyes and see again the dear woman with whom I have undertaken to live out my life. Then I will sleep and when I awake in the morning it will be as it was that evening when I walked out of my dark apartment after having had the most notable experience of my life. What I mean to say, you understand, is that, for me, when I awake, the other woman will be utterly gone."



DANSEUSES. BY CHANA ORLOFF.

Danse Pseudomacabre

by William Carlos Williams

THAT which is possible is inevitable. I defend the normality of every distortion to which the flesh is susceptible, every disease, every amputation. I challenge any who thinks to discomfit my intelligence by limiting the import of what I say to an expounding of a shallow morbidity, to prove that health alone is inevitable. Until he can do that his attack upon me will be imbecilic.

Allons! Commençons la danse.

The telephone is ringing. I have awakened sitting erect in bed, unsurprised, almost uninterested, but with an overwhelming sense of death pressing my chest together as if I had come reluctant from the grave toward which a distorted homesickness continued to drag me, a sense as of the end of everything. My wife still lies asleep, curled against her pillow. Christ, Christ! how can I ever bear to be separated from this my boon companion, to be annihilated, to have her annihilated? How can men live in the face of this uncertainty? How can a man not go mad with grief, with apprehension?

I wonder what time it is? There's a taxi just leaving the club. *Tang, tang, tang.* Finality. Three o'clock.

The moon is low, its silent flame almost level among the trees, across the budding rose garden, upon the grass.

The streets are illuminated with the moon and the useless flares of the purple and yellow street lamps hanging from the dark each above its little circular garden of flowers.

Hurry, hurry, hurry! Upstairs! He's dying! Oh my God, my God, what will I do without him? I won't live! I won't—I won't—

What a face! Erysipelas. Doesn't look so bad.—In a few days the moon will be full.

Quick! Witness this signature.—It's his will.—A great blubber of a thirty year old male seated, hanging, floating erect in the center

of the sagging doublebed spring, his long hair in a mild mass, his body wrapped in a dawny brown wool dressing gown, a cord around the belly, a great pudding face, the whole right side of it dirty purple, swollen, covered with watery blebs, the right eye swollen shut. He is trembling, wildly excited—a paper on his unsteady knees, a fountain pen in his hand: Witness this signature! Will it be legal?—Yes, of course.—He signs. I sign after him. When the Scotch go crazy they are worse than a Latin. The nose uninvolved. What a small nose.

My God, I'm done for.

Oh my God, what will I do without him—?

Kindly be quiet, madam. What sort of a way is that to talk in the sick room? Do you want to kill him? Give him a chance, if you please.

Is he going to die, doctor? He's only been sick a few days. His eye started to close yesterday. He's never been sick in his life. He has no one but his father and me. Oh, I won't live without him.

Of course when a man as full blooded as he has erysipelas—

Do you think it's erysipelas?

How much does he weigh?

Two hundred and forty pounds.

Temperature 102. That's not bad.

He won't die?!

Are you kidding me, doctor?

What for?—The moon has sunk. Almost no nose at all. Only the Scotch have such small noses.—Follow these directions. I have written down what you are to do.

Again the moon. Again. And why not again? It is a dance. Everything that varies a hair's breadth from another is an invitation to the dance. Either dance or—annihilation. There can be only the dance or ONE. So, the next night, I enter another house. And so I repeat the trouble of writing that which I have already written and so I drag another human being from oblivion to serve my music.

It is a baby. There is a light at the end of a broken corridor. A man in a pointed beard leads the way. Strong foreign accent.

Holland Dutch. We walk through the corridor to the back of the house. The kitchen. In the kitchen turn to the right. Someone is sitting back of the open bedroom door, a nose and an eye emerge sniffing and staring, a wrinkled nose, a cavernous eye. Turn again to the right through another door and walk toward the front of the house. We are in the sickroom. A bed has been backed against the corridor entry making this detour necessary.

O here you are, doctor.—British. The nurse I suppose.

The baby is in a smother of sheets and crumbled blankets, its head on a pillow, a compress on its head, a large wet patch on the pillow. The child has its left eye closed, its right partly opened. It emits a soft whining cry continuously at every breath. It can't be more than a few weeks old.

Do you think it's unconscious, doctor?

Yes.

Will it live?—It is the mother. A great tender-eyed blond. Great full breasts. A soft, gentle-minded woman of no mean beauty. A blue cotton house wrapper, shoulder to ankle.

If it lives it will be an idiot perhaps. Or it will be paralysed—or both. It is better for it to die.

There it goes now! The whining cry has stopped. The lips are blue. The mouth puckers as for some diabolic kiss. It twitches, twitches faster and faster, up and down. The body slowly grows rigid and begins to fold itself like a flower closing again. The left eye opens slowly, the eyeball is turned in so that the pupil is lost in the angle toward the nose. The right eye remains wide open and fixed staring forward. Meningitis. Acute. The arms are slowly raised more and more from the sides as if in the deliberate attitude before a mad dance, hands clenched, wrists flexed. The arms now lie upon each other crossed at the wrists. The knees are drawn up as if the child were squatting. The body holds this posture, the child's belly rumbling with the huge contortion. Breath has stopped. The body is stiff, blue. Slowly it relaxes, the whimpering cry begins again. The left eye falls closed.

It began with that eye. It was a lovely baby. Normal in every way. Breast fed. I have not taken him anywhere. It is only six

weeks old. How can he get it?

The pointed beard approaches: It is an infection, is it not, doctor?

Yes.

But I took him nowhere. Where could he get it?

He must have gotten it from someone who has it or carries it.
Maybe from one of you.

Will he die?

Yes, I think so.

Oh, I pray the Lord to take him.

Have you any other children?

One girl, five, and this boy.

Well, one must wait.

Again the night. The beard has followed me to the door. He
closes the door carefully. We are alone in the night.

It is an infection.

Yes.

My wife is catholish—not I. She had him baptise. They pour
water from a can on his head, so. It run down in front over him,
there where they baptise all kinds of babies, into his eye perhaps.
It's a funny thing.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

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Discussion

Noble Words

by Maxwell Bodenheim

"I wish that the word sincerity could be dropped from the language . . . take the sincerity of the artist. It is not his business to be exact about life: the reality of things is not his concern." jh in the *Little Review*.

I wish that the word insincerity could be dropped from the language. Only inanimate objects are sincere, because they never attempt to explain themselves. In a world animated by insincerity, the word insincerity should be discarded with all other glaringly apparent symbols, but the word sincerity should be retained. The latter is threadbare but holds the fantastic virtues. Up to date I have met a writer, a street-car conductor and a girl working in a

textile mill who were sincere. I would not even vouch for their sincerity but I have considered it as a fascinating plausibility. These three people were not exact about life and the reality of things did not concern them, but this does not affect their possible sincerity. Their words, gestures, facial expressions and physical outlines seemed to be at all times effortlessly blended. When they smiled they were never sad; when they were sad they never grinned; they never hastily retrieved an awkward posture with a would-be brilliant word; or vice versa; and when they scratched their heads a genuine, dominating doubt made their finger-nails methodical. The factory-girl did not go to church on sundays because Someone had made her flat-footed and she refused to recognise the general goodness of his intentions until he corrected his error. She wore pink waists because they reminded her of strawberries—her favorite fruit—and when I told her that strawberries seemed to be red she placidly informed me that they were pink when they flavored ice-cream. When a wagon almost ran over her it left its aftermaths of shrinking attitudes in her body, for days. The street-car conductor played cards on sundays; cursed when he lost; smirked when he won; and sat without his necktie. I once jocosely asked him why he wore neck-ties at other times.

"Them things are only for show," he answerd. "People give you the once-over an' it makes you sore if you walk on the street without one. Besides, the women like 'em."

He was uninteresting and sincere.

The writer did not believe his own theories on art. He constantly abandoned them at irregular intervals but his work unfolded more steadily. Interested in this incongruity I questioned him. When my question made him sulkily bewildered I saw the possibility of his sincerity. A glibly immediate answer would have made me drop the subject. According to his words he kept his beliefs in motion because his creative voice liked to be entertained with an acrobatic show when not itself in motion.

INFANTS IN CRADLES ARE THE ONLY GENUINELY SINCERE BEINGS—LIFE TO THEM IS A SLIGHTLY OPPRESSIVE BLANK.

Chana Orloff
by Muriel Ciolkowska

Paris, April, 1920.

MADAME Chana Orloff's wooden statuette of an "Amazone" was on view at the Salon des Independents, the thirty-third held by this society since the war and one of the most remarkable in its annals. The same artist had sent, also, the group of "Danseuses," a "Maternité," and a "Femme Enceinte."

Among these the last-named departed, in my opinion, from the spirit which impelled the three others. It was, at any rate, in contradiction with them, and if it was right the others were wrong or *visa versa*. The "Femme Enceinte" was deficient in that exquisite wit, spontaneous fancy, feminine feeling and originality evidenced in the Woman on Horseback, in that "Maternité" which, failing a photograph, it is most regrettably impossible to reproduce here. The "Femme Enceinte," on the other hand is the negative outcome of cold calculation, a type of that impoverished brain-work which is met with among certain "cubists" and other unimaginative theorists who would compensate want of inspiration by contempt for it, substituting ruse for intelligence by an appearance of scientific intervention.

The "Amazone," being reproduced here, does not require description. I may, nevertheless, be permitted to point out delicate flexibilities in the rider's figure and the horse's neck which are distinctly of a feminine character. In a totally different form similar finesse distinguished the work of one of France's greatest sculptors, a woman also. Jane Poupelet.

In the "Dancers" the feet are unexplained. "Maternité" remains the warmest, the most unerring of Mme. Orloff's exhibited works.

At the same show another Russian, Marie Vassioieff, was conspicuous for some astonishing dolls, humorous portrait of contemporaries, —M. Paul Goiret, Monsieurs and Madame André Salmon, M. Fernand Léger, and so on, which are wonderfully devised and expressed.

It occurred to me that *Little Review* readers would be sensible to the charm and wit of "L'Amazone," novel to sculpture especially. .

Interim

by Dorothy Richardson

Chapter Ten (Concluded)

“**I** SN’T it?” agreed Mrs. Bailey cordially.

“You *must* have been glad to get rid of the lodgers and have possession of the whole house.”

“Yes” said Mrs. Bailey straightening the sideboard cloth.

Hearty agreement about the advantages and disadvantages of boarders and then, I think it’s very *plucky* of you and away upstairs. A few words about the interest of having boarders to begin getting to the door with.

“The Irishman’s an interesting specimen of humanity.”

“Isn’t he interesting,” laughed Mrs. Bailey moving further into the room.

“It’s much more interesting to have boarders than lodgers” said Miriam moving along the pathway of freedom towards the open door. Mrs. Bailey stood silent, watching politely. There was no way out. Mrs. Bailey’s presence would be waiting in the hall, and upstairs, unappeased. Miriam glanced towards her without meeting her eyes and sat limply down on the nearest chair.

“Phoo—it’s ‘rather a relief,’ she murmured.

Mrs. Bailey went briskly to the door and closed it and came freely back into the room, a little exacting figure who had seen all her selfish rejoicing. She would get up now and walk about the room, talking easily and eloquently about Eleanor’s charm and go away leaving Mrs. Bailey mystified and disposed of.

“*My word*” declared Mrs. Bailey tweaking the window curtains. Then Bailey *was* ready and anxious to talk her over. After seeming to like her so much and being so attentive and sending her off so gaily and kindly, she had some grievance. It was not the bill. It was a matter of opinion. Mrs. Bailey had been charmed and had yet seen through her. Seen what? What was the everlasting secret of Eleanor? She imagined them standing talking together, politely,

and joking and laughing. Mrs. Bailey would like Eleanor's jokes; they would be in agreement with her own opinions about things. But she had formed some idea of her and was ready to express it. If it explained anything one would have to accept it, from Mrs. Bailey. To make nice general remarks about her and enquire insincerely about the bill would be never to get Mrs. Bailey's uninfluenced opinion. She would not give it unless she were asked.

"I'm awfully sorry for her," she said in Eve's voice. That would mean just her poverty and her few clothes and delicate health. There could be an insincere discussion. It might end in nothing and the mean selfish joy would still be waiting unstair as soon as one had forgotten that it was mean and selfish.

"So am *I*" said Mrs. Bailey heartily. There was anger in her face. There really *was* something, some really bad opinion about Eleanor. Mrs. Bailey thought these things more important than joyful freedom. She was one of those people who would do things; then there were other people too; then one need not trouble about what it was or warn people against Eleanor. The world would find out and protect itself, passing her on. If Mrs. Bailey felt there was something wrong, no one need feel blamed for thinking so. There was. *What was it?*

"I'm the last to be down on anyone in difficulties," said Mrs. Bailey.

"Oh yes." It was coming.

"It's the *way* of people *I* look to." She stopped. If she were not pressed she would say no more.

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Bailey, has her bill been settled?" The voice of Mrs. Lionel . . . she's unsquashable my dear, absolutely unsquashable. You never saw *anything* like it in your *life*. But she's done for herself in Weston. It might finish the talk.

"That's all in order, young lady. It's not that at all."

"Oh, I know. I'm glad though."

"I had my own suspicions before you told me you'd be responsible. I never thought about that."

"No, I see."

"It's the *way* of people."

"Well you know I told you at once that you must have her here at your own risk after the first week, and that I hardly knew anything about her." If she had paid the two weeks so easily perhaps Mr. Taunton was still looking after her needs. No. She would have mentioned him. He had dropped her entirely; after all he had said.

"I'm not blaming you, young lady." Perhaps Mrs. Bailey had offered advice and been rebuffed in some way. There would be some mysterious description of character; like the Norwegian . . . 'selfish in a way I couldn't describe to you.' . . .

"If I'd known what it was going to be I'd not have had her in the house two days."

. . . some man . . . who? . . . but they were out all day and Eleanor had been with her every evening. Besides Mrs. Bailey would sympathise with that . . . She was furiously angry; "not two days." But she *had* been charmed. Charmed and admiring.

"Did she flirt with some one?"

"That" said Mrs. Bailey gravely. "I can't tell you. She may have; that's her own affair. I wouldn't necessary blame her. Everyone's free to do as they like provided they behave themselves." Mrs. Bailey was brushing at her skirt with downcast eyes.

This woman had opened Dr. von Heber's letter; knew he was coming next year; knew that he "would not have permitted" any talk and that all her interference was meaningless. *He* was coming, carrying his suit case out of the hospital, no need for the smart educated nurses to think about him . . . taking ship . . . coming back. Perhaps she resented having been in the wrong.

"It was funny how she found a case so suddenly," said Miriam drawing herself upright, careless, like a tree in the wind. She had already forgotten she would always feel like that, her bearing altered for ever, held up by him, like a tree in the wind. everyone powerless to embarrass her. Poor Mrs. Bailey . . .

"You see I feel I drove her to it, in a way."

Mrs. Bailey listened smiling keenly.

"Yes you *see*" pursued Miriam cheerfully, "I told her she would

be all right for a week. I blamed *you* for that, said you were nourishing and she could pay when her ship came home."

"That's what you told her, eh?"

"Well and then when she admitted she had no money and I knew I couldn't manage more than a week, I advised her to apply to the C. O. S. She said she would and seemed delighted, and when I asked her about it later she cried and said she hadn't been. I said she must do *something* and then suddenly this case appeared. *Where I don't know.*"

"I don't blame her for not wanting to go *there*."

"Why?"

"My word. I'd as soon go straight to the parish."

"Wilberforce believes in them. He says if you really want to help the helpless you will not flaunt your name in subscription lists but hand your money over to the C. O. S. They are the only charitable organization that does not pauperise."

"Him? Wilberforce? He has a right to his own opinions I don't deny. But if he'd ever been in difficulties he might change them. *Insulting*, that's my opinion. My word the *questions* they ask. You can't call your soul your own."

"I didn't know that. That friend my sister brought here was being helped by them."

"How is Miss Henderson?"

"Perfectly happy. Being with the Greens again seems *Paradise* she says, after London. She's satisfied now."

"Mts. She's a sweet young lady; them's fortunate as have her."

"Well now she's tried something else she appreciates the beautiful home. I don't think she wants to be free."

"Quite so. Persons differ. But she's her own mistress; free to leave."

"Of course it's nicer now. The children are at school. She's confidential companion. They all like her so much. They invented it for her."

"And she is absolutely in Mrs. Green's confidence now. I don't know what poor Mrs. Green would do without her. She went back just in time for a most *fearful* tragedy."

"Mts; dear—dear" breathed Brs. Bailey, waiting with frowning, calm eagerness. Miriam hesitated. It would be a long difficult story to make Mrs. Bailey see stupid commercial wealth. She would see wealthy people, a "gentleman," living in a large country house and not understand Mr. Green at all; but *Eve* getting the bunch of keys from the irinmonger's and writing to Bennett to find out about Rupert Street . . . and the *detective*. She would have it in her mind like a novel and never let it go. It would be a breach of confidence. . . . She paused, not knowing what to do with her sudden animation. It was too late to get back into being an impartial listener, on the verge of going away. She had told everything, without the interesting details. Mrs. Bailey was waiting for them. They were still safe. She might think it was an illness or something about a relative. The only thing to do now was to stay and work off the unexplained animation on anything Mrs. Bailey might choose to say.

"Well" said Mrs. Bailey presently, "to return to our friend. What I say is, why doesn't she go to the clergy, in her own parish?"

"Go on the parish, m'm."

"Not necessarily on the parish. The clergy's most helpful and sympathetic. They might tell her of those who would help her."

"They might. But it's most awfully difficult. *Nobody* knows what ought to be done about these things."

"That is so. But there's a right and a wrong in everything. There's plenty of people willing to help those that will help themselves. But that's very different to coming into a person's house to try and get money out of strangers."

"I say."

"It is I say. I never felt so ashamed in my life."

"I say. How did you hear of it? Did they tell you?"

"Mrs. Hurd came to me herself."

"Mrs. Hurd. Of course; it would be."

"My word. I was wild. And then only just come into my house."

"Yes, of course; I say."

"Tellin' them she was *ill*."

"She is ill you know."

"There's some imagines themselves ill. If she was anything like as ill as I am she might have something to complain about."

"I think she's rather plucky. She doesn't want to give in. It's a kind of illness that doesn't show much. I know her doctor. He's a Harley Street man. *He* says that her kind of disorder makes it absolutely impossible for the patient to tell the truth. I don't believe that. It's just one of those doctory things they all repeat . . ." What is truth said jesting Pilate and did not wait for an answer. *Their* idea of truth—

"Well if she is ill why doesn't she act according?"

"Look after herself a bit. Yes. That's what she wants to do. But not give in."

"Quite so. That's a thing a person can understand. But that doesn't make it right to come to private people and behave in the way she has done. Strangers. I never met such conduct, nor heard of it."

"No."

"She's got relatives I suppose; or friends."

"Well, that's just it. I don't think she has. I suppose the truth is all her friends are tired of helping her."

"Well, I'm not judging her there. There's none can be so cruel as relatives, as *I* know my word."

"Yes."

"They'll turn from you when you're struggling to the utmost to help yourself, going on ill, left with four young children, your husband cut off and not a *penny*."

"Yes."

"I agree with her there. I owe all I have, under Providence, to my own hands and the help coming from strangers I had no claim on. But why doesn't she act open? That's what *I* say and I know it. There's always those ready to help you if you'll do your part. It's all take and no give with some."

"Vampires. People *are* extraordinary."

"You'd say so if you had this house to manage."

"I suppose so."

"You get your eyes open. With one and another."

"I'd no idea she'd even been talking to the Hurds."

"Talk? Well I don't mind telling you now she's gone."

"Well, she won't come back again. If she ever does Mrs. Bailey I hereby refuse all responsibility. On your head be it if you take her in. *I can't keep her.*"

"Well, as I say, I'm free to tell you. They used to go upstairs into the drawn-room, mornings, after breakfast. I could hear that woman's voice going on and on. I was up and down the stairs. What's more she used to stop dead the minute I came in."

"Well I am sorry you've had all this."

"I'm not blaming you, young lady."

"What about all the others?"

"Rodkin and Helsing's and Gunner's out all day."

"Yes but the others? The Manns and the Irish journalist."

"She'd be clever to get anything out of any of *them.*"

"I wonder she didn't try Mrs. Barrow. She's kind I'm sure and gullible."

"She's very kind no doubt in her way. Anyway she's not one of those who live on a widow woman and pay nothing."

The old sense of the house was crumbling. To Mrs. Bailey it was *worry* and things she could not talk about to anyone, and a few nice people here and there. And all the time she was *polite*; as if she liked them all, equally. And they were polite. Everyone was polite. And behind it was all this. Shifts and secrets and strange characters. When they were all together at Mrs. Bailey's dinner, they were all carrying things off, politely. Perhaps already she regretted having sent away the lodgers.

"The doctors were nice people to have in the house."

"Wasn't they dear boys? *Very* nice gentlemen. Canadians are the ones to my mind, though I believe as much as any in standing by your own. But you've got to consider your interests."

"Of course."

"That's why I mean to advertise. My word those *Hruds* are good friends if you *like*. I couldn't tell you. The old man's put an advert for me in the Canadian place in the city."

"Then you'll have a houseful of Canadians."

"That's what I *hope*. The more the better of their kind."

"We shall all be speaking Canadian."

"Well since we're on the subject Mrs. Hurd advises me to *go* to Canada. Says it's all work and no pay over here. Everybody expects too much for too little."

How *could* she rejoice in the idea of a house full of Canadians? All the same. Canadian. It would change the house more and more. Mrs. Bailey would not mind that. The house meant nothing to her just as it was with its effect. She had to make it pay. If another house would pay better she would just as soon have another house.

"You wouldn't like to leave London. There's no place like London." The Hurd's thought everyone in the house *selfish*, living on Mrs. Bailey's toil, enjoying the house for nothing, forgetting her. It was true . . . uneasy in her presence.

Chapter Eleven

Miriam got up early the next morning and went to her window in her nightgown. There was a thick August haze in the square. The air smelt moist. She leaned out into the chill of it. Her body was full of sleep and strength; all one strength from head to foot. She heard life in the silence, and went through her getting up as quickly as possible, listening all the time to the fresh silence.

She went downstairs feeling like a balloon on a string; her feet touching the stairs lightly as if there were no weight in her body. At the end of the long journey came the smiling familiar surprise of the hall. The hall-table was clear, a stretch of grey marble in the morning light. The letters had been taken into the dining-room. There was something, a package, on the far corner, a book package, with a note, Silurian blue, *Eleanor*. Small straggly round handwriting, yes. *Eleanor's, R. Rodkin, Esq: Ah. Mr. Rodkin.* How had she done it? When? Carrying off a book. Pretending she had forgotten, and writing. Fiendish cleverness. What a blessing she had gone. Booming through her uneasiness came a great voice from the dining-room. Through the misty corridors of the *Dawn* it belled. She went gladly in towards poetry. Mrs. Bailey was pre-

siding over an early breakfast. The Irishman, sitting back mirthfully in his chair on the far side of the table and at his side a big stout man with a bushy black beard, brilliant laughing eyes staring at nothing from a flushed face. Mrs. Bailey was watching him with a polite smile; he looked as though he were at supper; making the room seem hot, obliterating the time of day. I expect you had a rough crossing, she said politely. I *saw* her, he bellowed flinging back his head and roaring out words and laughter together. She walks in *Beauty*. I saw her sandalled feet; upon the *Hills*.

(*Conclusion*)

Ulysses

by James Joyce

Episode XIII (Continued)

AND THEN there came out upon the air the sound of voices and the pealing anthem of the organ. It was the men's temperance retreat conducted by the missioner, the reverend John Hughes S. J. rosary, sermon and benediction of the most blessed sacrament. They were there gathered together without distinction of social class (and a most edifying spectacle it was to see) in that simple fane beside the waves after the storms of this weary world, kneeling before the feet of the immaculate, beseeching her to intercede for them, holy Mary, holy virgin of virgins. How sad to poor Gerty's ears! Had her father only avoided the clutches of the demon drink she might now be rolling in her carriage, second to none. Over and over had she told herself that as she mused by the dying embers in a brown study or gazing out of the window by the hour at the rain falling on the

rusty bucket. But that vile decoction which has ruined so many hearts and homes had cast its shadow over her childhood days. Nay, she had even witnessed in the home circle deeds of violence caused by intemperance and had seen her own father, a prey to the fumes of intoxication, forget himself completely for if there was one thing of all things that Gerty knew it was that the man who lifts his hand to a woman save in the way of kindness deserves to be branded as the lowest of the low.

And still the voices sang in supplication to the virgin most powerful, virgin most merciful. And Gerty, wrapt in thought, scarce saw or heard her companions or the twins at their boyish gambols or the gentleman off Sandymount green that Cissy Caffrey called the man that was so like himself passing along the strand taking a short walk. You never saw him anyway screwed but still and for all that she would not like him for father because he was too old or something or on account of his face (it was a palpable case of doctor Fell) or his carbuncly nose with the pimples on it. Poor father! With all his faults she loved him still when he sang *Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee* and they had stewed cockles and lettuce with salad dressing for supper and when he sang *The moon hath raised* with Mr. Dignam that died suddenly and was buried, God have mercy on him, from a stroke. Her mother's birthday that was and Charley was home on his holidays and Tom and Mr. Dignam and Mrs. and Patsy and Freddy Dignam and they were to have had a group taken. No one would have thought the end was so near. Now he was laid to rest. And her mother said to him to let that be a warning to him for the rest of his days and he couldn't even go to the funeral on account of the gout, and she had to go into town to bring him the letters and samples from his office about Catesby's cork line, artistic designs, fit for a palace, gives tiptop wear and always bright and cheery in the home.

A sterling good daughter was Gerty just like a second mother in the house, a ministering angel too. And when her mother had those splitting headaches who was it rubbed on the menthol cone on her forehead but Gerty though she didn't like her mother taking pinches of snuff and that was the only single thing they ever had words about,

taking snuff. It was Gerty who turned off the gas at the main every night and it was Gerty who tacked up on the wall of that place Mr. Tunney the grocer's christmas almanac the picture of halcyon days where a young gentleman in the costume they used to wear then with a threecornered hat was offering a bunch of flowers to his lady-love with oldtime chivalry through her lattice window. The colours were done something lovely. She was in a soft clinging white and the gentleman was in chocolate and he looked a thorough aristocrat. She often looked at them dreamily when she went there for a certain purpose and thought about those times because she had found out in Walker's pronouncing dictionary about the halcyon days what they meant.

The twins were now playing in the most approved brotherly fashion, till at last Master Jacky who was really as bold as brass there was no getting behind that deliberately kicked the ball as hard as ever he could down towards the seaweedy rocks. Needless to say poor Tommy was not slow to voice his dismay but luckily the gentleman in black who was sitting there by himself came to the rescue and intercepted the ball. Our two champions claimed their plaything with lusty cries and to avoid trouble Cissy Caffrey called to the gentleman to throw it to her please. The gentleman aimed the ball once or twice and then threw it up the strand towards Cissy Caffrey but it rolled down the slope and stopped right under Gerty's skirt near the little pool by the rock. The twins clamoured again for it and Cissy told her to kick it way and let them fight for it, so Gerty drew back her foot but she wished their stupid ball hadn't come rolling down to her and she gave a kick but she missed and Edy and Cissy laughed.

—If you fail try again, Edy Boardman said.

Gerty smiled assent. A delicate pink crept into her pretty check but she was determined to let them see so she just lifted her skirt a little but just enough and took good aim and gave the ball a jolly good kick and it went ever so far and the two twins after it down towards the shingle. Pure jealousy of course it was nothing else to draw attention on account of the gentleman opposite looking. She felt the warm flush, a danger signal always with Gerty MacDowell,

surging and flaming into her cheeks. Till then they had only exchanged glances of the most casual but now under the brim of her new hat she ventured a look at him and the face that met her gaze there in the twilight, wan and strangely drawn, seemed to her the saddest she had ever seen.

Through the open window of the church the fragrant incense was wafted and with it the fragrant names of her who was conceived without stain of original sin, spiritual vessel, pray for us, honourable vessel, pray for us, vessel of singular devotion, pray for us, mystical rose. And careworn hearts were there and toilers for their daily bread and many who had erred and wandered, their eyes wet with contrition but for all that bright with hope for the reverend father Hughes had told them what the great saint Bernard said in his famous prayer of Mary, the most pious virgin's intercessory power that it was not recorded in any age that those who implored her powerful protection were ever abandoned by her.

The twins were now playing again right merrily for the troubles of childhood are but as passing summer showers. Cissy played with baby Boardman till he crowed with glee, clapping baby hands in air. Peep she cried behind the hood of the pushcar and Edy asked where was Cissy gone and then Cissy popped up her head and cried ah! and, my word, didn't the little chap enjoy that! And then she told him to say papa.

—Say papa, baby, say pa pa pa pa pa pa pa.

And baby did his level best to say it for he was very intelligent for eleven months everyone said and he would certainly turn out to be something great they said.

—Haja ja ja haja.

Gerty wiped his little mouth with the dribbling bib and wanted him to sit up properly and say pa pa pa but when she undid the strap she cried out, holy saint Denis, that he was possing wet and to double the half blanket the other way under him. Of course his infant majesty was most obstreperous at such toilet formalities and he let everyone know it:

—Habaa baaaahabaaa baaaa.

It was all no use soothering him with no, nono, baby and telling

him all about the geegee and where was the puffpuff but Ciss, always readywitted, gave him in his mouth the teat of the suckingbottle and the young heathen was quickly appeased.

Gerty wished to goodness they would take their squalling baby home out of that, no hour to be out, and the little brats of twins. She gazed out towards the distant sea. It was like a picture the evening and the clouds coming out and the Bailey light on Howth and to hear the music like that and the perfume of those incense they burned in the church. And while she gazed her heart went pitapat. Yes, it was her he was looking at and there was meaning in his look. His eyes burned into her as though they would search her through and through, read her very soul. Wonderful eyes they were, superbly expressive, but could you trust them? She could see at once by his dark eyes that he was a foreigner but she could not see whether he had an aquiline nose from where he was sitting. He was in deep mourning, she could see that, and the story of a haunting sorrow was written on his face. She would have given worlds to know what it was. He was looking up so intensely, so still and he saw her kick the ball and perhaps he could see the bright steel buckles of her shoes if she swung them like that thoughtfully. She was glad that something told her to put on the transparent stockings thinking Reggy Wylie might be out but that was far away. Here was that of which she had so often dreamed. The heart of the girl-woman went out to him. If he had suffered, more sinned against than sinning, or even, even, if he had been himself a sinner, a wicked man, she cared not. There were wounds that wanted healing and she just yearned to know all, to forgive all if she could make him fall in love with her, make him forget the memory of the past. Then mayhap he would embrace her gently, crushing her soft body to him and love her for herself alone.

Refuge of sinners. Comfortess of the afflicted. *Ora pro nobis.* Well has it been said that whosoever prays to her with faith and constancy can never be lost or cast away: and fitly is she too a haven of refuge for the afflicted because of the seven dolours which transpierced her own heart. Gerty could picture the whole scene in the church, the stained glass windows lighted up, the candles, the flowers and the

blue banner of the blessed virgin's sodality and Father Conroy was helping Canon O'Hanlon at the altar, carrying things in and out with his eyes cast down. He looked almost a saint and his confession-box was so quiet and clean and dark and his hands were just like white wax. He told her that time when she told him about that in confession crimsoning up to the roots of her hair for fear he could see, not to be troubled because that was only the voice of nature and we were all subject to nature's laws, he said in this life and that that was no sin because that came from the nature of woman instituted by God, he said, and that Our Blessed Lady herself said to the archangel Gabriel be it done unto me according to Thy Word. He was so kind and holy and often and often she thought could she work an embroidered teacosy for him as a present or a clock but they had a clock she noticed on the mantelpiece white and gold with a canary that came out of a little house to tell the time the day she went there about the flowers for the forty hours' adoration because it was hard to know what sort of a present to give or perhaps an album of illuminated views of Dublin or some place.

The little brats of twins began to quarrel again and Jacky threw the ball out towards the sea and they both ran after it. Little monkeys common as ditchwater. Someone ought to take them and give them a good hiding for themselves to keep them in their places the both of them. And Cissy and Edy shouted after them to come back because they were afraid the tide might come in on them and be drowned.

—Jacky! Tommy!

Not they! What a great notion they had! So Cissy said it was the very last time she'd ever bring them out. She jumped up and called and then she ran down the slope past him, tossing her hair behind her which had a good enough colour if there had been more of it but with all the thingamerry she was always rubbing in to it she couldn't get it to grow long because it wasn't natural so she could just go and throw her hat at it. She ran with long gaudy strides it was a wonder she didn't rip up her skirt at the side that was too tight on her because there was a lot of the tomboy about Cissy Caffrey whenever she thought she had a good opportunity to

show off and just because she was a good runner she ran like that so that he could see all the end of her petticoat running, and her skinny shanks up as far as possible. It would have served her just right if she had tripped up over something with her high French heels on her to make her look tall and got a fine tumble. That would have been a very charming expose for a gentleman like that to witness.

Queen of angels, queen of patriarchs, queen of prophets, of all saints, they prayed, queen of the most holy rosary and then Father Conroy handed the thurible to Canon O'Hanlon and he put in the incense and censed the blessed sacrament and Cissy Caffrey caught the two twins and she was itching to give them a good clip on the ear but she didn't because she thought he might be watching but she never made a bigger mistake in her life because Gerty could see without looking that he never took his eyes off of her and then Canon O'Hanlon handed the thurible back to Father Conroy and knelt down looking up at the blessed sacrament and the choir began to sing *Tantum ergo* and she just swung her foot in and out in time to the *Tantum gosa cramen tum*. Three and eleven she paid for those stockings in Sparrow's of George's street on the Tuesday, no the Monday before easter and there wasn't a brack on them and that was what he was looking at, transparent, and not at hers that had neither shape nor form because he had eyes in his head to see the difference for himself.

Cissy came up along the strand with the two twins and their ball with her hat anyhow on her on one side after her run and she did look like a streele tugging the two kids along with the blouse she bought only a fortnight before like a rag on her back. Gerty just took off her hat for a moment to settle her hair and a prettier, a daintier head of nutbrown tresses was never seen on a girl's shoulder — a radiant little vision, in sooth, almost maddening in its sweetness. You would have to travel many a long mile before you found a head of hair the like of that. She could almost see the swift answering flush of admiration in his eyes that set her tingling in every nerve. She put on her hat so that she could see from underneath the brim and swung her buckled shoe faster for her breath caught as she

caught the expression in his eyes. He was eyeing her as a snake eyes its prey. Her woman's instinct told her that she had raised the devil in him and at the thought a burning scarlet swept from throat to brow till the lovely colour of her face became a glorious rose.

Edy Boardman was noticing it too because she was squinting at Gerty, half smiling with her specs, like an old maid, pretending to nurse the baby. Irritable little gnat she was and always would be and that was why no one could get on with her, poking her nose into what was no concern of hers. And she said to Gerty:

—A penny for your thoughts.

—What, laughed Gerty. I was only wondering was it late.

Because she wished to goodness they'd take the snotty-nosed twins and their baby home to the mischief out of that so that was why she just gave a gentle hint about its being late. And when Cissy came up Edy asked her the time and Miss Cissy, as glib as you like, said it was half past kissing time, time to kiss again. But Edy wanted to know because they were told to be in early.

—Wait, said Cissy, I'll run ask my uncle Peter over there what's the time by his conundrum.

So over she went and when he saw her coming she could see him take his hand out of his pocket, getting nervous and beginning to play with his watchchain, looking at the church. Passionate nature though he was Gerty could see that he had enormous control over himself. One moment he had been there, fascinated by a loveliness that made him gaze and the next moment it was the quiet gravefaced gentleman, selfcontrol expressed in every line of his distinguished-looking figure.

Cissy said to excuse her would he mind telling her what was the right time and Gerty could see him taking out his watch listening to it and looking up and he said he was very sorry his watch was stopped but he thought it must be after eight because the sun was set. His voice had a cultured ring in it and there was a suspicion of a quiver in the mellow tones. Cissy said thanks and came back with her tongue out and said his waterworks were out of order.

Then they sang the second verse of the *Tantum ergo* and Canon O'Hanlon got up again and censed the blessed sacrament and knelt down and he told Father Conroy that one of the candles was just

going to set fire to the flowers and Father Conroy got up and settled it all right and she could see the gentleman winding his watch and listening to the works and she swung her leg more in and out in time. It was getting darker but he could see and he was looking all the time that he was winding the watch or whatever he was doing to it and then he put it back and put his hands back into his pockets. She felt a kind of a sensation rushing all over her and she knew by the feel of her scalp and that irritation against her stays that that thing must be coming on because the last time too was when she clipped her hair on account of the moon. His dark eyes fixed themselves on her again, drinking in her every contour, literally worshipping at her shrine. If ever there was undisguised admiration in a man's passionate gaze it was there plain to be seen on that man's face. It is for you, Gertrude MacDowell, and you know it.

Edy began to get ready to go and she noticed that that little hint she gave had the desired effect because it was a long way along the strand to where there was the place to push up the pushcar and Cissy took off the twins' caps and tidied their hair to make herself attractive of course and Canon O'Hanlon stood up with his cope poking up at his neck and Father Conroy handed him the card to read off and he read out *Panem de coelo praestitisti eis* and Edy and Cissy were talking about the time all the time and asking her but Gerty could pay them back in their own coin and she just answered with scathing politeness when Edy asked her was she heartbroken about her best boy throwing her over. Gerty winced sharply. A brief cold blaze shot from her eyes that spoke of scorn immeasurable. It hurt—O yes, it cut deep because Edy had her own quiet way of saying things like that she knew would wound like the confounded little cat she was. Gerty's lips parted swiftly but she fought back the sob that rose to her throat, so slim, so flawless, so beautifully moulded it seemed one an artist might have dreamed of. She had loved him better than he knew. Lighthearted deceived and fickle like all his sex he would never understand what he had meant to her and for an instant there was in the blue eyes a quick stinging of tears. Their eyes were probing her mercilessly but with a brave effort she sparkled

back in sympathy as she glanced at her new conquest for them to see.—O, she laughed and the proud head flashed up. I can throw my cap at who I like because it's leap year.

Her words rang out crystal clear, more musical than the cooing of the ringdove but they cut the silence icily. There was that in her young voice that told that she was not a one to be lightly trifled with. Miss Edy's countenance fell to no slight extent and Gerty could see by her looking as black as thunder that she was simply in a towering rage because that shaft had struck home and they both knew that she was something aloof, apart in another sphere, that she was not of them and never would be and there was somebody else too that knew it and saw it so they could put that in their pipe and smoke it.

Edy straightened up baby Boardman to get ready to go and Cissy tucked in the ball and the spades and buckets and it was high time too because the sandman was on his way for Master Boardman junior and Cissy told him too that Billy Winks was coming and that baby was to go deedaw and baby looked just too ducky, laughing up out of his gleeful eyes, and Cissy poked him like that out of fun in hihs wee fat tummy and baby, without as much as by your leave, sent up his compliments to all and sundry on to his brand new dribbling bib.

—O my! Puddney pie! protested Ciss.

The slight contretemps claimed her attention but in two twos she set that little matter to rights.

Gerty stifled a smothered exclamation and Edy asked what and she was just going to tell her to catch it while it was flying but she ever ladylike in her deportment so she simply passed it off by saying that that was the benediction because just then the bell rang out from the steeple over the quiet seashore because Canon O'Hanlon was up on the altar with the veil that Father Conroy put round him round his shoulders giving the benediction with the blessed sacrament in his hands.

How moving the scene there in the gathering twilight, the last glimpse of Erin, the touching chime of those evening bells and at the same time a bat flew forth from the ivied belfry through the dusk, hither, thither, with a tiny lost cry. And she could see far away the

lights of the lighthouses and soon the lamplighter would be going his rounds lighting the lamp near her window where Reggy Wylie used to turn the bicycle like she read in that book *The Lamplighter* by Miss Cummins, author of *Mabel Vaughan* and other tales. For Gerty had her dreams that no one knew of. She loved to read poetry and she got a keepsake from Berha Supple of that lovely confession album with the coralpink cover to write her thoughts in she laid it in the drawer of toilet-table which though it did not err on the side of luxury, was scrupulously neat and clean. It was there she kept her girlish treasure trove the tortoiseshell combs, her child of Mary badge, the whiterose scent, the eyebrowleine, her alabaster pouncetbox and the ribbons to change when her things came home from the wash and there were some beautiful thoughts written in it in violet ink that she bought in Wisdom Hesly's for she felt that she too could write poetry if she could only express herself like that poem she had copied out of the newspaper she found one evening round the potherbs *Art thou real, my ideal?* it was called by Louis J. Walshe, Magherafelt, and after there was something about *twilight, wilt thou ever?* and often the beauty of poetry, so sad in its transient loveliness had misted her eyes with silent tears that the years were slipping by for her, one by one, and but for that one shortcoming she knew she need fear no competition and that was an accident coming down the hill and she always tried to conceal it. But it must end she felt. If she saw that magic lure in his eyes there would be no holding back for her. Love laughs at locksmiths. She would make the great sacrifice. Dearer than the whole world would she be to him and gild his days with happiness. There was the all important question and she was dying to know was he a married man or a widower who had lost his wife or some tragedy like the nobleman with the foreign name from the land of song had to have her put into a madhouse, cruel only to be kind. But even if—what then? Would it make a very great difference? From everything in the least indelicate her finebred nature instinctively recoiled. She loathed that sort of person, the fallen woman off the accommodation walk beside the Dodder that went with the soldiers and coarse men, degrading the sex and being taken up to the police station. No, no:

not that. They would be just good friends in spite of the conventions of society with a big ess. Perhaps it was an old flame he was in mourning for from the days beyond recall. She thought she understood. She would try to understand him because men were so different. The old love was waiting, waiting with little white hands stretched out, with blue appealing eyes. She would follow the dictates of her heart for love was the master guide. Nothing else mattered. Come what might she would be wild, untrammelled, free.

(To be continued)

The Reader Critic

“Ulysses”

Dear Little Reviewers:

Can you tell me when James Joyce's "Ulysses" will appear in book form? Do you think the public will ever be ready for such a book? I read him each month with eagerness, but I must confess that I am defeated in my intelligence. Now tell the truth,—do you yourselves know where the story is at the present moment, how much time has elapsed,—just where are we? Have you any clue as to when the story will end?

[“Ulysses” will probably appear in book form in America if there is a publisher for it who will have sense enough to avoid the public. Joyce has perfected a technique that has enabled him to avoid almost all but those rabid for literature. We haven't any advance chapters in hand, but it would seem that we are drawing towards the Circe episode and the close of the story. The question of time seems simple and unobscured. The story is laid in perhaps the talk centre of the universe, but time is not affected; the time of the present chapter is about five thirty or six in the evening of the same day on which the story started,—I think Tuesday. Mr. Bloom has had a long day since he cooked his breakfast of kidney, but he has lost no time.—jh.]

Batrachian

To Djuna Barnes:

I was much pleased to receive the *Little Review*. And I immediately read your picture of degeneracy, entitled "Oscar." I am happy to note that it in no wise reminds me of that other Oscar (Wilde) who was worth while—very much worth while—in spite of his errors.

I have read it through a second time and now feel sure that I read it the first time. If I should read it a third time—I think I should read it a fourth and even a fifth time. So I will *not*. I am satisfied already, and desire to *sleep* to-night, without keeping company with all those Barn-shadows with which you so forcefully enshroud your picture.

Of course it is a picture—not a study—of some of that morbidity which is so prevalent during these days of the Overwrought, or Kubikul Insanity of the world. But it will do no real lasting good, and will not help you to Arrive in that Field of Real Endeavor, to which you should aspire—and perhaps will some day, finally, enter.

Your longing to be “original,” strange, compelling, is only too crudely evident in your prose work; and by the same token, that is why you may never hope to Achieve the Worth While, so long as you allow yourself to be thus held down by, what I may term, your lower self. There is a *big better self*—the *real Djuna*—asleep now, but to awaken, sometime.

This is evidenced by the real power in the things you write, in the remarkable atmosphere of your work, in the fine power of imagination which I find here and there in the things I have read, of yours, in this same “Oscar,” and in the few poems I have come across in some of the magazines. Your poetry is much the best thing you do—better artistry, as a rule. Your prose is crude, unpolished, erratic. You should stop trying for effects for mere effects’ sake, and allow the effect to come naturally, as it surely will, when you forget *Djuna*, and become the writer you *may* become, if you will only see the necessity for the suppression of mere vulgar eccentricity—in the desire to surprise—so that you may write of things as they, balanced, are.

Why do you not *wake up* to the *twist* of the little Bohemia you are in, and *drop* that warp—taking up the *thread* of the *things in life that count and which must be helped along*? Then, you might become of some real worth in life’s long, hard battle—and *help*, where you now simply waste your time and your gift.

[There is something batrachian in the above comment and advice. I can see men all over America like William Jennings Bryan and Elbert Hubbard exuding wisdom which they draw from the morass in which they sit rather than from a brain,—men who have themselves so longer to be “original,” “strange,” “compelling,” that even in the end they seek fame by exhibiting their discards.—*jh*.]

The Modest Woman

Helen Bishop Dennis, Boston:

I notice that the first letter under the Reader Critic in your April issue suggests that “after all these months James Joyce might be accepted, obscenity and all, for . . . only a few read him, and those few not just the kind to have their whole moral natures overthrown by frankness about natural functions.”

The mistake you people make is in thinking that we “prudes” who don’t like Joyce are concerned with morals. *Morality* has nothing to do with it. Does morality have anything to do with the average person’s desire for privacy concerning the “natural functions”? Not at all; it

is delicacy, lack of vulgarity. I do not think we need to apologize for this delicacy and lack of vulgarity, even to your superior beings.

There is a certain form of mental unbalance—about the lowest form—that takes delight in concentration on the “natural functions... All attendants in insane asylums are familiar with it. Does James Joyce belong to those so affected? Do “the few who read him” belong? If not, and Joyce and his readers are to be considered fairly sane, would he—and they—be willing to perform their “natural functions” in public? If not, why take out a desire for dabbling in filth, in writing in public?

The only cure for the nausea he causes is the thought that “only a few read him.” I think the *Little Review* has become a disgustingly artificial and affected publication. You started out to be sincere, unconventional, to refuse to pander to commercialism, etc.: a wonderfully courageous and admirable ambition. But you are a great disappointment to those of us who hoped great things for you. You are like a crowd of precocious, “smarty cat,” over-wise children, showing off. I know of no one who has anything for you now but pity, mingled with contempt and disappointment—and this from people who were once your friends and admirers.

[Yes, I think you must be right. I once knew a woman so modest that she didn't wear underwear: she couldn't stand its being seen in the wash.]

“Unpayable Debts”

C. R. S., Columbus, Ohio:

I enclose a check for your Fund. . . .

This is an opportunity to discharge in a small way a debt that would be difficult if not impossible totally to discharge. In the *Little Review* I learned that I was a human through learning that others had the same thoughts and feelings that had many years been mine, but which through a false philosophy or teaching were regarded as deserving of repression until the light of the *Little Review* showed them worthy of expression.

It is terrible too that, in a world of so great abundance to supply the needs and wants of all, there must needs be so much struggle and effort and waste to accomplish the results one aims at, even in a very limited way.

Commendable indeed are the efforts that you and your co-workers have made in the face of so many discouraging handicaps, and that you may be able to go on and realize to the full the object of your efforts is my earnest wish.

G. B. M., Brooklyn:

I add this comment on your May number. It is not surprising that “in a city of millionaires, the Arts go begging and penniless.” When all the economic pros and cons are in, when all the items on the long list of the indictment against capitalism are checked off, the last overshadowing terrifically damning charge against our present industrialism can be brought in:—capitalism has vulgarized the world more completely than it has ever been before. With an accent of unashamed bitterness, I ask the *Little Review*: What can you expect in the way of interest and financial support from a shifting leisure class composed of those inferiors whom capitalism forces to the top?

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It is not realized that the "Little Review" alone in America is performing a function performed by at least a dozen reviews in France and by eight or ten in England.

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